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NAZER
OR ZIG ZAG PHILOSOPHY

BY COL. JOHN A. JOYCE.
AUTHOR OF
"CHECKERED LIFE" "PECULIAR POEMS."
ETC.

E. MEYER

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NAZER.

(A ZIG-ZAG PHILOSOPHY.)

BY

COLONEL JOHN A. JOYCE.

AUTHOR OF

"A CHECKERED LIFE," "PECULIAR POEMS," SONGS, SPEECHES, ETC.

Fate commands fortune and failure.

"O! what fools these mortals be."—*Shakespeare*

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J. A. JOYCE.
1888.

Dedication.

I DEDICATE THIS WIERD BOOK TO MY DAUGHTER,

LIBBIE

WITH THE UNCHANGING AFFECTION OF

HER FATHER.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LAURA LOVE.—Queen of the World.

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."—*Shakspeare.*

HORACE HATE.—Czar of the Earth.

"Had I power, I should pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uprear the universal peace, confound all unity on earth."—*Shakspeare.*

HARRY HOPE.—Page to the Queen.

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallows' wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures Kings."—*Shakspeare.*

TERRA TRUTH.—The Everlasting.

"Oh, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil."—*Shakspeare.*

HALLAM HYPOCRISY.—A Politician.

"Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your tongue:
Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it."—*Shakspeare.*

ELLA ENVY.—A common gossip.

"O, what a world is this, when what is comely—
Envenoms him that bears it."—*Shakspeare.*

GEORGE GENEROSITY.—A prodigal son.

'For his bounty,
There was no Winter in't; an Autumn twas,
That grew the more by reaping."—*Shakspeare.*

WALLER WIT.—A fool and philosopher.

"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike."—*Shakspeare.*

DIANA DESPAIR.—A cloudy creature.

"O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world."—*Shakspeare.*

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PREFACE.

The object in writing and publishing this volume is to satirize the folly, duplicity, venality and tyranny of mankind.

The characters who talk are ubiquitous, and the common rules of time, place and person are entirely ignored and defied.

The past, present and future become one, or separate, at the ideal wand and will of the author,

A few rare and beautiful bits of poetic thought are enmeshed and interwoven in this philosophy.

J. A. J.

CHAPTER I.

THE PASSIONS ASSEMBLED AT MOUNT OLYMPUS.

Love : Billions of innumerable years have passed away, my sardonic Horace, since first we met on this grand mountain top to talk of life and death. Yon blue field of Omnipotence, gemmed with diamond stars of heavenly light and love, and that round full moon sailing in pale grandeur through mysterious realms—shine on us to-night with the same spiritual radiance that illumined her birth. The comet, eclipse and hurricane have come and gone in regular round, while earthquake shocks and volcanic fires have changed the face of the globe, rearing mountains out of the ocean and sinking the tallest peaks of the world into her wild womb where deepest coral caves echo to the unceasing voice of Nature.

Look, far away, where the king of day rises out of his watery bath in the East to illuminate by his majestic footsteps the plains and mountains of remote antiquity. There, before the Arian, Persian or Egyptian races bowed down to worship the smiles of the sun, vast myriads of mankind lingered at his shrine and sunk back to the dust from whence they sprung, leaving no record or monument to magnify their memory. Behold, in full splendor, the morning sun !

Shine out thou glorious sun upon a sleeping world,
And thrill the soul with fires from above—
Where thunderbolts are forged and flashed and hurled
By one Almighty hand source of light and love.

Arise, and stride across the ocean billow,
And light thy pathway o'er the vales and hills,
Go shine, where beauty dreams upon her pillow
And sparkles in the leaping mountain rills.

Let stars and moons and planets in their sweeping
Pale their light before the splendid sway,
While I, my weary matin watch am keeping
To catch the glory of the God of day.

What does it all mean ? I have invited this morning, seven of our friends to assemble under this great grove of pines to solve the problem of life, at least, and hear from each, words of love and hope that may do good to mankind, before we separate throughout the world in search of absolute peace and pleasure.

HATE : Talk to me not of the good of mankind and pleasure that shall never be perfect. I hate the world, and with my handmaid Despair, I would gladly see the waters of the earth rise over all the continents and engulf the human race in one eternal, omniverous grave. I smile at desolation and death, and long to be married to the morgue of oblivion. I wish to ride on the crested wave of some universal billow, where I may nurse the pangs of Despair to my flinty heart.

LOVE : Hark ! I hear the musical footsteps of my glorious Page — Hope. His face lights up my darkest hour, and his voice like summer zephyrs, blowing over a grove of orange flowers, soothes me in the vale of deepest sorrow. Come to my arms and heart my

bright boy, ever young and beautiful. No cloud ever shadowed thy brow ; no storm ever chilled thy heart and no chance has ever yet put the palace of thy soul in ruins.

HOPE : My Love — My Queen. I flew with the wings of pure passion to sit at thy feet this glorious morning and listen to our brothers and sisters discourse upon the way to find perfect happiness.

ENVY : How can there be any happiness when Generosity dallies with Love, who imagines herself better than anyone else; and who forever fools the poor Prodigal out of his wits.

WIT : That is more than she could do with you, for Envy, like your name, has so gangrened your cold heart that wit or generosity could never enter where malice sits enthroned.

HYPOCRISY : You seem to forget that Envy is one of my sweet sisters, and while I like you very well, you must not presume too much on my candid good nature.

TRUTH : Oh ! thou canting hypocrite, what cold and calculating lies emanate from thy duplicate lips and how often you wear the garb of God to serve the dictation of your master, the devil. I have seen you in church and state, through all the changing tides of time, and while constantly professing to be my dearest friend, I have found in the end that you are a knave at heart ; and like the catacombs of Egypt your soul as dry and vacant as the dusty sepulchres of its forgotten kings. We have assembled to take a survey of

mankind, at the suggestion of Love, our Queen, and while many of you doubt the continuous force of her affection, you dare not deny the everlasting principle of Truth. It is ever fresh and young, never weary, never old and it shall never die. The first dawn of creation ushered in its heavenly light ; and long after the temples and towers of earth shall be buried in the all-consuming maw of Time with the hands and hearts that reared them — Truth shall soar away on wings of celestial light and reign forever in immortal youth.

"Marble and recording brass decay
And like the graver's memory pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
But Truth, divine forever, stands secure,
Its head as guarded, as its base is sure.
Fixed in the rolling flood of endless years
The pillar of the eternal plan appears;
The roaring storm and dashing wave defies
Built by that Architect that built the skies."

CHAPTER II.

The Dawn and Separation.

Love : See, the fairy footsteps of the dawn has brushed away the magic mists upon the mountain tops, and over the blue bosom of the rolling sea the central sun extends his rosy fingers of light, to tangle them in the mermaid's flowing locks or pierce the coral caves where Neptune reigns supreme. Let us plume our broad wings and fly away in search of peace and perfect pleasure. *Hope* and *Hate* shall hie with me to a land where freedom reigns and where Nature herself echoes the glad notes of liberty. *Truth* shall have for companions *Hypocrisy* and *Envy*, and shall wander for years in oriental climes — and *Generosity*, my oldest brother, must join in the pangs of *Despair* and suffer the taunts of *Wit*, while wandering among Alpine heights, crumbling temples or Arctic solitudes. Year after year, at some designated spot, we may meet at the impulse of my desire, and while forever abiding with our personal nature we shall be ubiquitous. When many more billions of years shall be recorded in the defiles of the past, we may get a glimpse of the lightning Spirit of Jehovah, who now veils from our clouded vision the secrets of His immortal realms.

Love is a flower that never fades
On valley, mountain or glen;
Fresh as the blossoms of everglades
It reigns o'er the hearts of men.

As the last notes of this chorus died away, the nine passions arose from the pinnacle of Mount Olympus, Love, Hope and Hate bearing away to the West and North, Truth, Hypocrisy and Envy to the East, and Generosity, Despair and Wit to the South and sunny climes.

CHAPTER III.

An Autobiography.

I am Fate. No living being in the vast worlds I create, manage and destroy has ever caught a spark from the iron forge of my philosophy. This little earth is but a grain of sand to the illimitable spheres I govern and inhabit. The smallest grass-blade, the tallest oak, the longest river, highest mountain, wildest ocean, the most beautiful butterfly, the largest or smallest stars, are but scrolls and emblems of my mammoth map of magnificence.

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and all the seasons of all my globes are only cog-wheels in the machinery of my unchanging, absolute, inevitable systems. Nations rise and fall like bubbles on a stormy sea at my dictation. Suns, moons, planets and stars swing and shine in nameless space at my will — and then, "shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away to darkle in the trackless void." Yet, I go on for ever, with a whisper in the ear of the flowers, a roar in the heart of the storm, a tear in the eye of the rain, and a rod in the hand of the lightning. I am the soul and right arm of God. His will is mine and mine is His.

You hear in the voice of my thunder
The glory and greatness of God;
You see in the flash of the lightning
The sweep of my glittering rod.

You feel in the rush of the rain
The flow of my melting tears,
And hear in the midnight winds
The music of all my spheres.

You see in the limitless ocean
The swell of my heaving breast,
And the hour is near when you shall
Sink to my bossom of infinite rest.

Alexander, on the Indus, Cæsar on the Rubicon, Napoleon on the Rhine, and Washington on the Delaware were only convenient instruments in the plan of my destruction and construction. The priests who mumbled their morning lies at the temple of Memnon, the purpled philosophers of Rome who pretend to infallibility, and the crowned cormorants of royal robbers, are but rusty links in the glittering chain of my divinity. Fools, fools, all fools, to pretend to fathom the depths of my eternal will.

"The flood of years" that I have emptied into "the silent ocean of the past," are but a moment to the circling cycles that I shall call out of the womb of the future. Those on the earth to-day are but surf on the sea of life.

The millions of earth that battle to-day
Are but a handful to those passed away;
The future is countless,—men from each zone
Shall flourish and die in the far off "Unknown."

When matter and mind are perished and lost,
And all that we see into chaos is tossed;
From nothing to nothing we pass out alone
Like a flash or an echo, "Unknown," Unknown."

The babe that slumbers at its mother's breast; the maid and man that go hand in hand up thorny steeps or down flowery dells; the sage with flowing beard and snowy locks, and the king and queen with imperial power, shall leave their loves, hopes and fears and be overwhelmed and forgotten in the depths of my mysterious ocean. The proud spirits of all mortality shall pass away, their clayey tenements shall go down to silent and impalpable dust, but they who believe in me and act the truth shall "some day" breathe and live in the fragrant gardens of omnipotence, where the refreshing waters of immortality flow and sparkle forever over the golden sands of my celestial dominions, and where the sweet songs of beautiful birds symphonize seraphic salvation.

This life is but a rugged road, a narrow path and a stormy stepping stone to higher spheres. I ride on the broad back of the whirlwind, demolishing temples, towers and mountains in my wild, mad career. I delve with the worm that never dies. In the secret caves of buried nations and on altars raised to the memory of forgotten gods I place the tooth of time that gnaws away to nothingness the moldering memories of man. The eye, ear and heart of my creatures are shut out from a view of my face and form, and an insurmountable wall of darkness rears its bleak and rug-

ged ribs to bar Life from viewing Death. Life must die to see Death, and Death must live to see Life. The good and the bad are of my creation. I am each in all, and all in each. To the sweetest rose I give the sharpest thorn, and to the delusive tongue of Hope I finally give the truest promise of faith and fortune. Out of the bottom of this cracked and shattered sphere I will raise up man to a higher plane of thought, and beyond the grave he shall shine with a luster fadeless and eternal. I sit enthroned with a cloak of ermine on silent arctic mountains, looking over ice bound seas. I walk in tropic isles in a garment of emerald green, and over the wild, wide earth I breathe upon the flowers in softest airs, and crack or shake its granite ribs with my ponderous tread. The last breath of the lovely child I snatch away and waft its parting sigh into a new-born babe in other lands, where beauty never withers, where age is never known, where sorrow never reigns and where Truth flourishes in immortal green.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

"Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

"'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

CHAPTER IV.

A PEEP AT THE PAST.

TRUTH. Well we might rest and think here. The slanting beams of evening light up the desert sands, the Nile is rushing along as of old, the Pyramids throw their shadows over dilapidated memorials, the Sphynx is as voiceless as the tomb, and the croaking owl and screeching bat are the only living things heard from the broken temple of Karnak or the moldering ruins of Thebes.

HYPOCRISY. I remember well my old friend Ramesses and Philadelphus, who would not take my diplomatic advice when president of their senate house; and yet while I urged them with the oily tongue to avoid war and conquest, I gave secret aid to the plotting enemy, and finally brought about the decay and ruin that deception and betrayal engenders. These rulers of the ancient world looked in my face and eye to be flattered by my seeming sincerity; yet had they looked through the breast into my heart they might have seen the devil of duplicity sitting enthroned on its topmost pulsations.

ENVY. Yes, my dear brother, had Zenobia, Semiramis and Cleopatra not rebuked and scorned me by the beauty and talent they displayed at banquets given

to cunning courtiers, their grand cities might be to-day the glory of the earth, instead of broken mounds of moldering rubbish, where noxious reptiles, sneaking jackals and hungry lions crawl and prowl when the lengthening shadows of night cover the remains of oriental grandeur, and when the pale moon with her cordon of circling stars irradiates the sorrowful sites of vanished power and glittering glory. I could not bear the painted jades of royalty, and see them bear away the fresh laurels that should have encircled my brow. And so with a look of envy, a gangrened heart and a stiletto tongue, I, too, urged the foreign invader to seek and capture the wealth and power I could not command. Now, I appeal to Truth to say if I did not serve them right.

TRUTH. No; the wiles and subterfuges of Hypocrisy and the gnawing meanness of Envy can never wholly obliterate the glory of the beautiful, good and grand; and even the failings of the heroic and great are far better than the pretended virtues of your assassin tongues.

The glory of Cleopatra can not be easily forgotten. Her love for Anthony is as immortal as the soul of humanity, and shall abide adown the changing tides of time, as long as faith, hope and charity actuate the hearts of men. The suicide for pure passionate love, of Anthony and Cleopatra, find few parallels in the history of this sordid, cowardly world. When she knew that life had fled from the heart of her royal lover, she uttered the following wail of passionate woe and

then pressed the worm of the Nile to her heaving bosom and joined her hero amid the shining stars:

I am dying, Anthony, dying,
Yet I long for one embrace
To entwine my arms around you,
And still greet you face to face;
Ere I cross the stygian river
Testing highest heaven or hell,
I am pining for thy presence—
Come, and kiss a fond farewell.

I am dying, Anthony, dying,
While the conquering hosts of Rome
Batter down my palace portals
And despoil my royal home;
Let great Cæsar's dashing legions
Rule the land and rule the sea,
I defy his sharpest torture—
You and Love rule only me.

I am dying, Anthony, dying,
Yet, my soul-lit love forbids
To quench great furnace fires
Burning 'neath the pyramids
Of passion's deep foundation,
Laid by nature and her laws,
That abide by blood and impulse
From some great eternal cause.

I am dying, Anthony, dying,
Yet, the "splendors of my smile"
Shall light thy pathway onward
To some grand celestial Nile,
Where among bright heavenly bowers
We shall clasp with magic might,
Crowned with everlasting flowers
Blooming always, day and night.

Come, my lion-hearted hero
To the jungles of my heart,
Feed upon the upland hillocks,
Never more to pine or part;
Wander grandly to the valley
Where the springs of life abound.
Cool the ardor of thy passion
In dark grottoes under ground.

ENVY. Yes, but her beauty, power, passion and poetry did not save her from the grasp of the universal master, Fate, who rides over the rolling ages and destroys all creeping creatures, as the rude blasts of the hurricane lays in the dust the proud monarchs of the forest or the fairest flowers of the teeming fields.

HYPOCRISY. Well, my sweet sister, since we are formed in the general mold of our elder brother, Truth, we can smile or sneer at his wisdom, and although not as rugged, plain and outspoken as he is, we often gain by dissimulation the victories he loses by bluntness.

TRUTH. Your victories are as temporary and fleeting as the shadows that glide away from these broken columns and ruined temples where once the priests of Isis and Osiris chanted their praises to the rising sun.

Come, my callous companions, let us descend into the caves, corners and streets of this buried city; wander through catacombs of blasted hopes and view the evanescent glory of man. Trim your lamps, husband your oil, do not doubt, follow my footsteps and fear not.

CHAPTER V.

NAZER, THE CITY OF SORROW.

TRUTH. A million years to-day, I left the city that now sleeps before us. Step carefully along these winding, crumbling marble stairs. We are now under the dead city of Thebes—down, down, five miles away, around granite hills, land locked lakes; pulseless and still, along deep chasms and over wide draw bridges, barely clinging to their parent abutments.

Look, there in the shining distance rises the tall, white walls of the great city of Nazer. It was an hundred miles long and fifty miles wide. Its temples, towers and palaces, reached up to touch the morning sunlight or rest their heads in the region of the midnight stars—a thousand to ten thousand feet above the surrounding plains—and its marble streets ran away, at right angles, to the horizon, in a width of five hundred feet. Let us enter.

And so saying, Truth touched a protruding stone in the great wall, and immediately a ponderous marble gate craunched around on its rusty hinges, sounding like the roar of echoing thunder, or the far off wail of some troubled ocean, lashing its angry sides against rocky headlands. Behold, said Truth, feast your eyes on the result of hypocrisy and ingratitude. This was

the empire city of the magnificent Nazer, his beautiful queen Ruinya and his only daughter Foolya.

The Emperor had brought many nations under his subjection, and the wealth of the globe contributed to his vaulting ambition. Adjoining his great white palace, lifting its towering domes and glittering minarets beyond the changing clouds that blew in beauty over this enchanted land stood the royal harem. It was located in the center of a variegated garden of five thousand acres, where the river Rillril, meandered in pellucid freshness and beauty. Banks of flowers from tropical climes, aromatic trees, trailing vines, velvet grass and walks of golden gravel embellished this earthly paradise. The building was of transparent marble, nine stories high, dedicated to the muses, who in the realm of imagination, often gossiped with the transcendent beauties that graced this haunt of love and mellifluous dalliance.

There were five thousand rooms in the establishment, which was appropriated to the use of the nine hundred and ninty-nine sweet maidens, selected from the most beautiful women of all the world, for the delectation of the great Nazer. Blabnoblab, was the chief eunuch, and was charged with the selection and supply of this young and tender food for his royal master. The first entrance of the novice to this abode of luxury and pleasure, was purely voluntary on the part of those who accepted the terms of admission.

It was well understood throughout Nazer's vast dominions, containing a billion of people, that when

any of the daughters of his realm arrived at the age of fourteen, that very day, she might offer herself as one of the consenting concubines, at the front door of the seraglio. If she was accepted because of her beauty, intelligence and energy, she was required to sign a short contract, from her own blood, pledging herself that for the term of twenty one years, if life was spared, she would be true, pure and faithful to the will of Nazer, receiving therefor every luxury that wealth and power could bestow, but on the very day she arrived at the age of thirty-five, she solemnly pledged her love and honor to enter the vast chloroform and embalming hall of the harem, inhale the joys of death and retire forever to her numbered sarcophagus, lined with purple velvet and swan's down, satisfied with life and blessing the hour that brought her to such a delicious dedication of divinity!

If the devotee accepted these unalterable terms, she was furnished with a small ruby sunburst jewel, set in blue diamonds, with her special number indented in topaz, and was then ushered into the grand onyx reception hall by Blabnoblab, and introduced to the brevet wife of Nazer, who was universally considered to be the most beautiful and fascinating woman in the world.

This wonderful star of the harem, LENONA, was, at the time of which we speak, nineteen years old. Her height was five feet nine; eyes, blue as a June sky when sun beams tip-toe on the mountain top; teeth, white as the foam on a summer sea; nose, fingers and toes, slender and shapely; lips, pink as Mediterranean

coral; limbs and bust round, harmonious and full and her great wealth of golden hair showered away from her bright, arched brow, like a fountain gracefully flowing over an alabaster vase, when the declining rays of evening sink to slumber in some sea surrounding sapphire isles.

Phidias would have gazed entranced upon her stately, matchless form. Raphael might kneel before the fascinating lineaments of her face and improve on his masterpiece, the Madonna, and Beethoven would have been blissfulized by selecting her as the subject of a new symphony. She ruled the seraglio with a golden rod of love, and when the small complaints of her sisters rang in her ears, she laughed them into silence and repose by her example of affection and equanimity.

In the southern angle of the great white harem, there was located a mammoth pool or swimming bath, where pure spring water of variable temperature ran, with gurgling music the whole year round. The walls of the long bath, sides and bottom, were of variegated onyx, bejeweled with crystal stars and interspersed with looking-glasses, while the ceiling was a concave of reflecting glass, showing in magnified form, the objects disporting below. Its depth ranged from three to thirty feet, where the timid walker or desperate diver would be sure to find pleasure suited to their respective tastes. Swinging trapeze, slanting slides and spring boards of polished mohogany were erected at suitable spots for the bliss of the bounding bathers.

Birds of the rarest plumage, greatest variety, and sweetest songs, variable as murmuring winds blowing over broken fields and hills, were encaged in silver cribs and sent forth a flood of delicious melody in response to the light laughter and sweet strains of these oriental nymphs; all conjoined with a golden band of five hundred instruments.

At eleven o'clock each morning, an hour before breakfast, LENONA led her regiment of naked swans into the hot air chamber, lingered ten minutes on velvet divans, proceeded thence to the tepid water pool, where an eunuch, of ebony hue, manipulated the matchless maiden with scented soap, after which the grand bevy, in sections, platoons and companies plunged into the pellucid waters of the harem lake, and gave themselves up to the clasp of the refreshing springs that fed this liquid home of love.

The constant and variable actions of the bathers, was enough to set the beholder in a whirl of dizzy amazement. Some swung on the horizontal bars, leaped from the spring boards, shot in long lines down the sweeping skids, while others in lock-legged loveliness swam about the pool, in undulating swells, like water-lilies waving in some summer stream.

The promenade gallery around the upper story of the grand bath, screened by purple silk curtains, was devoted to the use of specially invited guests, who had performed in war or peace, some great service to the state. And, lucky was the man that could have the

privilege of feasting his famished eyes, even for five minutes, on the forbidden fruit, so near and yet so far.

To violate the privilege of witnessing this scene, was instant death by strangulation in the perfume vault. Yet it was related on very good authority, no less than Blabnoblab, that thirteen old senators of Nazer's realm willingly forfeited their lives for the delectable bliss of anticipation and participation. Eve was abroad and in view, and why, Oh! why, should not some innocent Adam be beguiled and persuaded by her voluptuous form and soliciting eyes? Truth and Nature, after all, are the surest guides to happiness, and although the old senators deserved the fate they courted, by violating the sacred privileges of hospitality, I am convinced that even at the present day, such conduct in many lands and climes, quietly flourishes and prevails, exempt however from the strangulation edict of great Nazer.

Envy. You discourse with volcanic words about these painted harem beauties, who live a dreary life of gilded idleness, and are only used by tyrant men as slippers to their passion and power. I wish I were a man that I might lord it over these silly fools. Their liquid lines of beauty flow, perhaps, from some wise creator, but I would rather be plain as I am, and not entice or entrance the eye and heart of the sterner sex, than be a make shift and convenience for his pleasure. What kind of a man was Nazer and his great lords?

Truth. Nazer weighed three hundred pounds,

measured five feet nine, upwards and about half this distance across. His face was round and fat and the blobs about his grayish blue eyes, indicated midnight and morning hours of unloosed revelry over the wine cup with his women and political chums. He was arrogant, mulish and heartless, only working for his selfish pleasure and power. Those who bent in humility and went through the regulation genuflections to his pride, pelf and pretenses, were given the best offices around the palace or through the realm, and those who betrayed any signs of "kicking" against the tyrant, were relegated to the shades of private life, or strangled, with quickness and kindness, as it were, in the perfume vault, where the hot fumes of sure death wafted them over the river Styx. He professed all virtues and reforms on the surface and practiced all the vices and iniquities in secret; and while bearing the appearance of soft, facial, saint-like dignity, his cruel heart was continually hatching schemes and plots that would have delighted and edified the most cunning and artistic devil. He would often promise, with great solemnity to aid and advance some of his royal courtiers, for the soul-lit satisfaction of betraying, and it seemed to cause his most genuine happiness, when he heard of the failure or death of those who were considered even his friends. None *knew* him but to hate him, none named him but to damn. He was a devotee of duplicity and debauchery, a maxim of meanness, and a synonym of vice and insincerity.

The Congress of Nazer was composed of thirty-

three Senators, and a hundred and thirty-three Representatives. These great (?) men were elected by the people every three years—not because the Emperor really needed them in his national business ; but to flatter his loyal subjects with the belief, or hallucination that they were "running the machine," when, in fact they were the blunt tools, used in shaping the rough ashlers put into the palace of his power. They were but the simple instruments of registering his will and edicts, driven to the shambles of his conventions and Congress, like a drove of dumb cattle to the slaughter house.

Occasionally the vice-president, speaker, and chairman of the ways and means, and appropriation committees would hesitate or even attempt to rebel, at the demands of the tyrant in passing a large and outrageous budget ; but instead of strangling or cutting off heads, he invited them to a grand banquet and gave them the open privileges of his seraglio which never failed to mollify the wise legislators. Nazer had absolute power to veto any part, or the whole, of any bill passed by his Congress, yet he seldom exercised the power, knowing that if he really wanted any ready cash, he had only to dissolve the legislative body, order his secretary of war to send his army into some neighboring country, kill the inhabitants, and rob them of their money in the usual royal way!

And if this did not work quickly and to his satisfaction, he sent his grand high steward of the palace across the street to the secretary of the treasury, and

ordered him to sell a billion of bonds and forward to the palace at once, the proceeds or forfeit his office and head in an hour. This edict of the Emperor never failed to replenish the coffers of the royal household. But whenever Nazer resorted to these peculiar and rather rough means, he had the good taste and generosity to order a general holiday for the people, who drank and eat at his (?) expense. To the members of Congress and Supreme Court, he gave a bang-up banquet, including all the harem beauties, led in grand array by LENONA and followed by Blabnoblab, wielding the golden rod of virtue, of course.

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CHAPTER VI.

TIGRANNAS; INGRATITUDE REBUKED.

TRUTH. The great power and wealth of Nazer was principally secured by General Tigrannas, the commander-in-chief of the realm. He was the greatest general who ever lived. Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Washington and Grant, might have been capacitated for corporals in his atmosphere, but nothing more. With a thousand men he often defeated ten thousand of the enemy. His eye flashed like the sun over mountain tops, or like lightning from a noon-day sky, and the celerity of his movements was more sudden and desperate than a Texas "blizzard."

HYPOCRISY. I fear you are too fulsome in your praise, and that one man of human mould could not do so much to out-strip the other heroes of the past and present or those that may come to murder their species in the never-ending round of future wars. And yet as you pride in truth, even when it is ranged against you, I am generous enough to believe that everything on this earth was made for some great and glorious purpose, and that nothing is really bad, but everything is a comparative good.

TRUTH. Tigrannas was of the same age as the Emperor, who was not born to the purple, but arose

like a flash from the lowly life of a shepherd boy to almost universal power. It was never known who were the parents of Nazer. David and Jonathan were never more closely cemented in friendship than they. All that Tigrannas asked for the trials he endured and the victories he gained, was the hand of Foolya when she was eighteen years of age. This was readily and cordially promised by the Emperor when his fate lay trembling in the balance at the battle of the Cataracts. The wild hordes of Tartary and Persia were driving into the roaring Nile the retreating millions of Nazer when Tigrannas unfurled a silken sunburst, blood red, rushed to the front with the royal guard, slaughtered the invaders by the thousand, and over their bleaching bones set the triumphant standard of his friend and master.

A million captives were led in triumph in the train of Nazer, and as he entered his capital city, containing a billion of people the shouts of the multitude might be heard on the distant mountains, sounding along the surface of those inland seas like the raging simoon of the desert, when winds are at war with the material elements of nature. Tigrannas, felt sure, that now he could see the fulfillment of his long cherished hopes, and only awaited the happy day when the nuptials of Foolya and himself would be celebrated with all the pomp, power and poetry that love and riches could command. Of course the General was thirty years older than Foolya, but age and youth do not seem to have much to do with matrimony when parental

ambition intervenes. Yet the best laid plans of man vanish into thin air when Fate steps in with his iron will. Foolya, and her mother Ruinya had picked out a nice, young, fresh prince of the celestial house of Chinchin, who was heir to the throne of the great king of the moon, a realm far beyond desert sands, where the tea bush and the silk worm flourish in perennial bloom. They communicated their conclusions to the Emperor, who frowned at the first suggestion, but when shown that Tigrannas could serve the state no longer and that the young Prince, with the long queue, would bring millions of money and men to his aid, he turned his face away from the daring General who had achieved all his victories. Nazer issued at once a "jaw jaw" to his vast domain saying that "tomorrow at noon my beautiful beloved daughter Foolya will be eighteen years old, and by my royal desire, consent and will, she shall marry the illustrious Prince Whang-chang, heir apparent to the great king of the moon. My city shall be adorned and decorated with all the gay banners, rich trappings and gorgeous gildings that wealth can procure, and a grand feast of thirty days is hereby proclaimed to all my people.

Signed, NAZER,
Lord of the earth."

The Adjutant General of Tigrannas called his attention to this remarkable and ungrateful proclamation, as they drove in their chariot to the palace. At first Tigrannas thought it a joke of some familiar wag or the thrust of some envious hypocrite, but when

he rushed as usual into the office of the Emperor, he was stopped by a royal guard with a double-edged sword, who demanded his business, and informed the commanding general that his royal master would not see any one without they first sent in their cards, and await their turn in the grand audience room.

This grand bluff, unnerved the great General of the realm, as it was only the day before he had lunched with his royal master, and the secretary of the treasury at the Crystal Club House, situated on the lake on the top of Mount Morema.

Tigrannas was finally admitted to the presence of the Emperor, who demanded his business in a tart and quick voice. The General was not a little abashed, reminded the royal autocrat of his past service to the State, and the promise given to him for the hand of Foolya. "Sir," said the Emperor, "you seem to forget that my daughter is a Princess of the realm, and must marry some one who is her equal and not a plebeian, who rose from the common people."

"Your royal highness forgets that it was this plebeian who took you from the ranks of the Shepherds, and by his valor at the battle of the Cataracts brought victory to your standard and established your empire on a solid foundation."

"Dare not Tigrannas, talk to me in such language, else I shall make thee feel the iron hell of my wrath. Be gone sir! to-morrow I shall issue an order for your perpetual exile to the snows of Siberia where the

howl of wolves shall in time chant a requiem over your bleaching bones."

"Your majesty, I bid you a last farewell on earth, but to-morrow when the nuptials of your daughter are at the meridian of their splendor my spirit shall hover near and my curse for your ingratitude shall fall upon your empire." With this parting shot he dashed out of the palace, flew past the Adjutant General, ran to the tower of silence, overlooking the bottomless lake, made one leap into its dark bosom and sank, to rise no more.

Consternation took possession of the people at the deplorable loss of their cherished general, and a cloud of sorrow seemed to settle down on their hearts. Yet sorrow is generally short lived, and the dark clouds that lower in the evening storm are dispersed and banished by the sunlight of morning.

The grand day, set for the nuptials of Foolya and Whangchang arrived, and was ushered in by a flood of golden sunlight, as if Nature was doing her best to put on her brightest smiles for the royal wedding. The gardens of Nazer, resplendent with variegated roses, blushed in beauty to the delightful day, and the very atmosphere was laden with the sweetest perfumes, exhaled from mammoth banks of flowers that adorned the capitol. Electric artillery guns roared forth their greeting from the impregnable forts that guarded the heights of the city ; a thousand golden bands paraded the streets, discoursing the sweetest music ; carrier pigeons flew through the air adorned with white satin

streamers emblematic of the purity of the Princess ; an army of a million men marched in every direction, with the sun-burst flag waving over their purple and golden uniforms, and prancing snow white steeds, neighed forth a welcome to the scene as if they knew the people of the empire were doing homage to their young mistress.

Hypocrisy.—I should have given a million of money to have been there myself and felt the proud swell of my heart at the happiness of others. After all, life is only worth what the heart and soul have capacity to give away, and those who give most and best in this narrow vale of joy and woe get most, not only here, but registers a coupon bond in the treasury of Jehovah, where the banker never breaks and the cashier never defaults or absconds. As the poet says :

All that he holds in his cold, dead hand is what he has given away.

Truth. — Ah, my dear brother, I pray that every mortal may be imbued with your benevolence and soaring soul; but yours is lip service and it is too much to ask, and never will be granted until God blots out envy and hate, jealousy and hypocrisy, and transforms the misers and selfish sinners of this earth into His own likeness of purity and principle.

But to proceed with my story of the nuptials. See, yonder shining palace, on that central hill, a mile square, lifting its fluted columns two hundred feet high and its white dome a thousand feet into the heavens — was the scene of the grandest display the

world of the ancients ever witnessed. Purple banners, with royal storks embroidered in white silk floated from every pinnacle and tower, and a hundred thousand red balloons were let loose in the air to magnify the enchantment.

The grand audience hall, two thousand feet long, one thousand feet wide, and two hundred feet high, with a white marble throne at the head of it, fifty feet high, was packed with the nobility of the realm. Grand old dames, with billows of puffed white hair, and lovely willowy ladies, all smiles, and wearing gossamer, cob-web veils lined the hall, and pretty pages held their flowing garments. Jewels of the rarest kind, and in greatest profusion bedecked these Oriental beauties. The men were dressed in scarlet breeches, blue jackets, powdered wigs, and wore short swords and silver slippers with diamond decorations.

At exactly ten minutes of twelve o'clock, high noon, one long, melodious blast from the royal trumpet ushered in the bridal train, Foolya leaning on the arm of her father, while Whangchang escorted his prospective mother-in-law. The great audience separated to the right and left of the hall as if by magic, while a band of a thousand instruments filled the palace corridors with soft, harmonious sounds.

The Emperor and Queen took seats in purple plush velvet chairs under a canopy of fretted gold work, studded with a shower of sparkling diamonds, while the royal attendants knelt on the lower steps, and the bride and groom stood on a raised dais fronting the

Grand High Priest of the realm. The bride was clad in a long train dress of purple velvet, encrusted with a peck of the dearest diamonds. She wore a veil of bleached cobwebs, so thin that it floated on the scented air of the palace like a white cloud in a heaven of universal blue.

The groom was clad in a suit of imitation tea leaves of finest silk, with celestial butterfly ornaments. His number one, high-heeled boots were of malleable gold, bearing diamond shoe buckles in the shape of new moons.

When the royal clock in the great royal tower began to strike twelve, the High Priest instructed the young prince to place the marriage ring on the left hand thumb of the Princess and repeat: "With this ring I thee wed," when, horror of horrors, a broad flash of lightning rent the dome of the palace in twain, and a ghostly arm with a long, flashing sword, waved three times, and a voice of thunder came out of the circumambient air exclaiming: "PETRIFIED FOR INGRATITUDE!" And from that ancient day to this you behold the palace, city and realm, and every living thing of the ungrateful Nazer, frozen and petrified as they once stood in life, a terrible but just judgment for the unpardonable sin of damnable ingratitude.

"Nazer; Down to the dust, and as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay."—*Byron.*

CHAPTER VII.

A VISIT TO PEOPLE OF THE PAST.

TRUTH. Come, Envy and Hypocrisy, let us visit some of the groups of human wrecks that lie prone on these desolate and barren shoals of time. Hear me discourse, but speak not, for should your voice be heard by the spirit that reigns over these ruins, the whole dead city we now behold, with its ghostly columns, groups and petrified people would vanish away in an instant and overwhelm you in an ocean of dense dust.

At the end of this grand avenue that lies before us lived my old gnarled and dilapidated friend WISDOM, a poet and a philosopher. He was the poorest man in the city, and the richest; poor in the corroding goods of this world, but rich in those divine attributes that can evolve happiness from a crust of bread and a cup of water, or even pluck cresses from the gurgling brook and imagine that he partakes of a vernal banquet.

Hark! how the echo of our faint footfalls reverberate along these crowded streets, filled with millions of pilloried men, hitched by the hand of Fate to the same spot where life left them. How their eyeballs stare; and the horse and the rider seem to be tripping away to the brazen music that once filled the air with shouting joy and meandering melody. Be careful, and for

your life do not touch a mortal; yet light as a bird on the wing, let us traverse the winding ways of this great city and gain knowledge from these vain and ungrateful people who promised themselves immortality.

This is the modest garden where WISDOM once taught the young of the land lessons of temperance and victorious virtue. He had pupils from every clime, and the small and the great, and the good and the bad came for his advice and craved the privilege of drinking at the exhaustless fount of his philosophy. Look, there he sits under a giant palm, with a broad high, rugged brow and flowing snowy beard, surrounded by a throng of listening scholars, with eager ears to catch the wise words of the old sage as he explains to a class, in physiology, the particular parts of a bleached skeleton that hangs on wires before the school. Hear him:

TO A SKELETON.

YOUNG MEN:

1. "Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Has left one trace of record here.

2. Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed;

That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

3. Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue ;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils eternity.

4. Say ? did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine —
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them ;
But if the page of Truth they sought
Or comfort to the mourner brought —
These hands a richer mead shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth and fame.

5. Avails it, whether bare or shod
Those feet the path of duty trod ;
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned —
These feet with angel wings shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky!

Let us turn for a moment to the royal restaurant, where Bacchus and the muses held sway for the amusement of the ancient revelers. Behold the various groups seated around red tables, with glasses raised for a toast, as life departed like a flash of lightning.

On the stage at the end of this grand theater you see the prima-donna and a thousand ballet dancers

in all manner of attitudes, singing to the stars, or tiptoeing to the sky. The musicians too, with bows and arms bent, horns lifted in air, drum sticks crossed, blowing bugles, and the magic baton of the leader directing all, present a sight of the vanity of the proud and great, that should incline the living to view the rapid evanescence of pleasure and prepare for the inevitable transition beyond the gloom of the grave.

Come to the sick chamber and behold the dying girl. There is the mother, father, sisters, brothers and friends gathered about the couch, while the doctor feels her pulse and the nurse administers medicine with a spoon. The curtains were drawn low, and the only sounds heard was the labored breathing of the departing girl and the click of the old water clock in the hall. Those in good health had faces draped in sorrow, and the mournful phase of the scene as all were struck dumb and dead, harrows the heart with fear and amazement.

Let us enter the prison that overhangs the bottomless lake where the heroic Tigrannas found surcease from sorrow. Here is the crooked, dark passage where state criminals entered on a life of hard work or starvation, or passed farther on to the execution block of bogwood to expiate the so called crime of rebellion.

Thousands of my best brothers, through all the wearing centuries, have suffered for my sake at the cowardly and cruel hands of tyrants. But the race of rebels still lives, while the dastard dynasties of royal robbers are crumbling away before the grand march of

mind and manhood. Remember always that truth in the minority is a thousand fold stronger than error with its howling majority. The sun, moon and stars illumine the pathway of Truth, while the selfish and unrighteous grope in the dark defiles of Stygian night, sooner or later tumbling into the black, unfathomable waters of forgetfulness.

The rebels of past, present and future centuries ever have, and ever will be, the real guardians of my principles. Rebel! the sweetest word that ever fell from the lips of Truth. Christ was a rebel against wrong and comes to us down the ages in a blaze of celestial glory. His golden rule of doing to others what you would have them do unto you has never found lodgment in the cruel hearts of tyrants. His lesson of peace on earth and good will to men has never been practiced by the princes and potentates who pretended to rule by divine right.

Martin Luther was a rebel against the dense ignorance and bigotry of his day, and the tyrannical edicts of pampered princes. He struck from the limbs of Liberty the shackles of servitude, and placed on the pedestal of freedom the great statue of individual conscience and personal responsibility. No worship of our Maker by proxy, but, from the plowman in the field to the prince in the palace, every one has the inalienable right to kneel for himself, read for himself, pray for himself, look up into the heavens and die for himself and his God.

No man needs a "middle man" between himself and his maker!

Pope Pius, the Ninth was a rebel against infidelity, intemperance and injustice. His benevolent face and good deeds shone from the Vatican like rays of a central sun, and although many doubted his creed and infallibility, the world acknowledged his charity and sincerity. A hundred millions of devoted followers turn their eyes and hearts to the towering dome of St. Peter's to-day, and from the sacred ashes of Pope Pius the Ninth, the phœnix of a celestial consolation arises out of the gloom of infidelity, spreads its broad wings over the universe and soars away into the illimitable regions of heavenly hope and eternal rest.

Winkelried was a rebel when he threw his body on the Austrian spears and made a way for the liberty of his country. His name and fame will last as long as the Alps, eternal monuments to his glory, and frowning barriers to the tyrants that pursued him, but could not conquer his principles even in death.

Look to the German revolution of 1848. We behold a central figure, a grand rebel, the son of a journeyman cooper, leading by his pen and voice the patriots of the Fatherland. His poetic heart and eloquent lips never faltered in the service of liberty. Though chilled by neglect and poverty and pursued by the minions of power, he never deviated from his desire to make Germany a republic, and place her among the nations of the earth that vote and govern themselves

by the ballot instead of the bayonets of dukes, kings, emperors and czars.

But, at last the great heart of this rebel was pierced by the bullet of the tyrant one bright morning as the sun rose over the temples and towers of Vienna, when the soul of Robert Blum went up to his God through the music of the mass and the murdering sound of Austrian rifles. The grave of this patriot shall yet be marked in monumental glory, the sweetest flowers of spring shall grow around his tomb, the birds of Germania shall sing a requiem to his memory and the tears of humanity shall bedew the sod that wraps his sacred clay.

The thundering eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirabeau, Gambetta, Sheridan, Patrick Henry and Wendell Phillips, rebelled against the crimes of tyranny, and although their lips are closed by the portals of the tomb, their words for truth and liberty go sounding down the ages inspiring the souls of all who rebel against wrong and oppression.

Washington was a colossal rebel, and made his rebellion a magnificent success. He cut the main tentacles from the British octopus and stopped the valves of this huge blood sucker. He taught the tyrant good behavior at the point of the bayonet, the only argument royal robbers understand or respect.

Lincoln was a rebel against the slavery of a race and the disruption of a republic; and Stonewall Jackson was a rebel against what he imagined the vandalism of power. One died by the insane hand of an as-

sassin, and left a name behind that will live as long as human hearts pulsate with love of liberty. Rooted in the rifted rocks of time shall be his temple of everlasting glory. The mountains of Columbia, lifting their heads into the boundless blue, and the murmuring rivers of the American continent, shall mingle forever with his fame, but the noblest monument to his memory are the four million shackles struck from the galling limbs of the bondsman. The example of the immortal Lincoln shall continue to bless the world, until crowned with the diadem of Liberty, we shall acknowledge the image of God in all men and pluck from the the calendar of our hearts the demon of caste and persecution.

St. Paul, on Mars' Hill, smashing the idols of paganism, among the classic corridors and towering colums of the Acropolis; Humboldt, delving into the earth or climbing snow-capped mountains; Newton, with his falling apple, and Franklin catching a ray of heavenly light from the eye of Jehovah, were, one and all, first-rate rebels, in the interest of Truth, Virtue, Science and Liberty.

Rebel! to thee I kneel and lift my hands and voice in thy praise. A grand bronze statue for all the ages, standing in the center of Liberty's temple, worshiped by the good and great and reviled by the robber and the tyrant. Stand out forever in thy splendid manhood, like some grand mountain crag, lifting its lofty head into the heavens, and overtopping the roaring ocean at its base. No oracle at the temple of Memnon could

equal thy sweet voice and matchless form. No sun ever shone on brow so noble, eyes so bright, lips so true, hands so willing, feet so fast and form so fair. Circling centuries have witnessed thy struggles, defeats and triumphs for Liberty; yet to-day, in every land, you still rear that giant crest, fight on and remain unconquered!

Excuse this short digression of mine, in wandering over all the centuries to illustrate my philosophy, but as you know, I am in all places at all times, ubiquitous and eternal, flashing my eye and spreading my thoughts over everything. We will now proceed on our journey and see more of the petrified prison.

Here is the ponderous gate half swung open on its rusty hinges, and the keeper with his iron key as he escorts a trembling, famished lot of prisoners to their stony cells. Let us enter. Look, the great water wheel that once turned the machinery, rises a hundred feet into the heavens and sinks into the dark pit below a hundred more. Men in black garbs are seen everywhere. At the anvil, loom, bench, rough ashler, clog shop, quarry, rock pile, kitchen, and feed bench, and women in sewing and wash rooms, remain as motionless now as when the curse of Tigrannas petrified Nazer and his dominion. Keeper and convict, male and female, innocent and guilty, in innumerable attitudes, stare with wide open eyes, in the last look of life, at the affrighted beholder.

Let us pass out and into the dark temple of death. There! look at the executioner with ax uplifted to sever

the head from the broad shoulders of a daring rebel bound to the black block. High in air, the instrument of death is lifted by the tyrant's agent, when he is struck by the lightning bolt of Fate and the official murderer and his devoted victim pass into nothingness together.

> All human things are subject to decay,
> And when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
>
> *Dryden.*

The great city wall is now in view, the western gate is near at hand, where we shall again leave behind forever the rich remains of arrogance and bloated power. And thus saying, Truth touched a spring in the wall, when a large marble slab fell away and he bade Envy and Hypocrisy to follow. But at that very moment Envy looked behind, like the celebrated Mrs. Lot, and yearned for the flesh pots, jewels and wealth that were strewn in every direction.

"Oh! that I could carry these riches away." The expression was no sooner out of her mouth than the great walls of the city with its temples and towers and animals and people, fell down with a universal thunder crash and enveloped Envy and Hypocrisy in death, verifying my prediction. * * *

Truth barely escaped the desolation that lay before his eyes, and as the clouds of dead dust rose into the sky and vanished away like the morning mist, he stood erect and alone on a high hill gazing upon the ruin

that Envy and Hypocrisy and false ambition always bring about. He then plumed his pinions and rose into the evening sunlight, soaring away to the west in search of his best friends, Love and Generosity.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROME AND ITS POWER.

GENEROSITY. Let us rest awhile on the shores of the Adriatic, wander over Alpine heights and gaze upon the moldering memorials that man erected for self-laudation on the turbid waters of the Tiber.

DESPAIR. I am tired of wandering in search of fleeting pleasure that presents a momentary view of realization and then departs like a flash of morning sunshine over a string of pearls.

WIT. Perhaps you would like to have a wreath of daisies.

DESPAIR. Oh! talk not to me of the daisies of this earth, frail and fleeting as a shadow.

WIT. Brace up and enjoy fun and life while you can. Brood not over buried treasures and let each day's life be its heaven, looking always for the flowers and evading the thorns that lie beneath.

GENEROSITY. Spare my feelings from bandying words that have small meaning and only prove that each of you wish to drown the inmost thoughts of the heart under a cloak of gilded phrases. Let us rest here near the Coliseum for to-night; and find if any of our old friends can spread a bounteous board, cheer our weary hearts and tired wings with some of the nectar that once glorified the gods.

I will play the prodigal, in talk and act, as usual; and while Wit is wearing and Despair depressing, my unsuspecting nature must gladden the earth and be the butt of all gradgrinds and misers through the whirl of coming years. I was born when the moon was in its full, while Venus shone upon my nativity and Saturn reigned at the very moment of my birth. My lucky and unlucky stars seemed to be bright and cloudy in turn, to-day shining with great force and to-morrow obscured by the storms of misfortune.

In youth, my brothers and sisters said I was a fool because I never turned a deaf ear or an empty hand to the voice and tears of the distressed, giving with a lavish love and very often leaving myself poorer than the person that craved my bounty. When sickness, sorrow or death came to my poor and humble neighbors I would steal out in the evening shadows, enter the back way, hand the woman of the modest cottage a basket of delicacies for her sick husband or a score of florins to assist in burying her dead baby, and then depart as noiselessly and unobtrusively as I came. When fevers, fires, floods, plagues and earthquakes desolated the earth, and the scourge of famine waved its wand over the people, I was the first on the list to swell subscriptions for the relief of suffering mortals. When the war of the enemy invaded and desolated my country, I was among the first to enlist in its defense, and where the shot and shell of battle rained fastest and heaviest, I was found wounded and bleeding in the midst of the terrible human slaughter, where the cupidity and ambi-

tion of man ensanguines the beautiful fields and flowers that God has fashioned for his fantastic foot-stool.

I know that there is a deep chasm between Justice and Generosity; and while I, perhaps, have often stripped myself to relieve the alleged wants of a rogue, I would, at last, rather be fooled a hundred times in giving, while I can, than refusing the soliciting hand of one honest man.

There is only an even, rational act in paying your honest debts, that deserves no particular mention or credit, but the slop-over, off-hand, unusual impulse of Generosity elicits our encomiums, even when we may condemn the indiscretion of the giver.

At home and abroad I am sought after by the weary, sad and snubbed, who wander as outcasts from the haunts, halls and offices of successful Shylocks, that seem to live only for the bare pound of flesh cut from the breasts of their unfortunate fellow men. The haughty inmates of palaces, the royal riders in gilded chariots, and the bloated judges who preside, with a "little brief authority," over the misfortunes and mistakes of mankind, fill my soul with a nameless disgust, and cause me often to doubt the existence of a God, who allows the rich and great to "lord" it over their neighbors, like the Ruler of the Juggernaut of oriental lands.

At daily dinners and midnight banquets I have spent thousands of dollars, entertaining sunshine friends, who departed at the first rub in my fortune; but who had the brassy audacity to return, like flies

around molasses, and feed off me when the fickle dame once more shed her financial smiles.

Yet, I blame not these little creatures, parasites on the back of Generosity, pint measure mortals, who never can conceive the wide and deep stream of beauty and love that flows from the never failing fountain of benevolence and Godlike affection.

While I have never had the same love and lavishness extended to me that I have imparted to others, I am entirely satisfied with my "failings," and can only wish that the entire world, in some far off age, may be imbued with and practice my open hearted and broad handed philosophy. I have always found it easier to laugh and sing with the world than to weep and sigh, and much pleasanter to feast than to fast.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
This grand old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own;
Sing, and the hills will answer,
Sigh, it is lost on the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound
But shrink from voicing care.

Be glad and your friends are many
Be sad and you lose them all,
There are none to decline your nectared wine
But alone you must drink life's gall;
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and a lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
  Fast, and the world goes by,
Succeed and give, 'twill help you live
  But no one can help you die ;
Rejoice, and men will seek you,
  Grieve, and they turn and go
They want full measure of all your pleasure
  But they do not want your woe !

WIT. What you say may be true, yet fine words butter no parsnips, and an empty stomach like mine, cannot feed long on poetry. Many of the greatest poets of all the ages died of neglect and starvation and their wayward, wandering Bacchanalian lives, tended to produce some of the finest thoughts in the libraries of the world. The people who sit down in their comfortable parlors and palaces seldom think of the trials and tribulations endured by Zoroaster, Anacreon, Horace, Dante, Tasso, Lamartine, Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, Goldsmith and Edgar Allen Poe, who were one and all devotees of the wine cup, the generator of poetic and oratorical thoughts. Let us hie to some of these Roman palaces and refresh the inner humanity.

DESPAIR. Yes I'm tired and nearly starved and will surely die of exhaustion and fear, unless I partake of some of that real nectar of the gods not always found in poetry.

GENEROSITY. It is now midnight, when my friend, the great Cæsar, dines with the Senators, their wives and daughters ; and I have no doubt he will be glad to entertain at least two of us at his festive board.

So saying they alighted from the floating clouds of thought to the earth, wound their tortuous way down the huge steps of the Coliseum, across the arena where the Gladiator and the lion once battled for the amusement of Roman dames, shouting citizens and triumphal warriors. How grand and beautiful at all times are the ruins of the Coliseum.

> "But when the rising moon begins to climb
> Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
> When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
> And the low night breeze waves along the air,"

then go and view this magnificent wreck of man's ambition. On they went, around rearing, crumbling columns, stony streets, broken bridges, Hadrian's mole, and the temple of Janus, to the marble palace of Cæsar, lit from turret to foundation with dazzling lights, shining on the Capitolian hill like an Alpine pinnacle of snow illuminated by the first rays of the morning sun.

When GENEROSITY mounted the steps of the lofty marble palace, he looked the personification of his name and the very emblem of heroic benevolence. He stood in leopard sandals, seven feet high, with red silk stockings to his knee, short blue satin breeches to his waist, a puffed white velvet jacket with open red sleeves and collar, crowned with a blue peaked hat, decorated by a long white ostrich feather, showing brown curly hair over a broad brow and gray eye that proclaimed him the very picture of prodigal manhood.

WIT, stood next, five feet five, wearing a variegated

suit of green, long pointed shoes and the usual cap and bells, appended to those who make fun for flowering fortune.

DESPAIR came last. She was a little hump-backed, and it was difficult to measure her mien. Her face had a jaundiced hue, eye downcast and milky, and her periodical sigh and cough would remind you of a cross between a dyspeptic and small-pox patient. She no doubt bore up as well as she could, yet every effort only added to the inward pangs of imagined grief that dragged her lower into the depths of despondency. Her grievances were invariably told (strictly confidentially of course) to her friends, and her only pleasure consisted in being miserable! She would not be in your company over two minutes without recounting the sickness of her family and the number of accidents and deaths that occurred in her neighborhood during the past year. She never opened her mouth but to complain and find fault and sadden the hearts around her, and all stood trembling when they beheld her approaching footsteps. Clouds, storms, sorrow and death accompanied her trailing skirts, and I have no doubt but the world would be delighted to get rid of the gangrened jade, even by the unholy mode of assassination.

GENEROSITY had now reached the large lion-headed golden knocker, when he gave three distinct raps on the door which was immediately opened by a tall Egyptian from the upper Nile, who announced the advent of the new comers to a line of succeeding attendants who roared the names through the grand entrance hall, through

the reception parlor, and on to the throne audience chamber till the vaulted roof rang with the universal names of GENEROSITY, WIT and DESPAIR. At the mention of these world renowned persons, Augustus arose from his royal chair and saluted the immense throng, gave his left arm to GENEROSITY and led the way to the illuminated banquet hall, where two thousand guests sat down amid a forest of flowers while their hearts were filled with soft strains of melodious music. Cæsar sat at the head of the table while his Queen sat at the foot. GENEROSITY sat on the right of the Emperor, WIT sat on the left of the Queen, while DESPAIR was placed in the middle next to the Secretary of the Treasury, where she could pour into his ear peculiar words of warning against the issue of silver certificates and cartwheel coin, that only loaded the vaults of the realm, and lightened the pockets of the people, all for the benefit of a few bankers, bondholders and retired capitalists.

The Secretary of the Interior sat opposite the Treasury man, surrounded by a lot of land sharks and Indians that had just arrived from the Indus for their annuities, and also to complain of old Porus, who was cutting down all the timber along the banks and selling lumber to a lot of ship builders who expected to invade Rome in the spring

The Secretary of the Navy sat on the right of the Queen, and acted as mad, seemingly, as a March hare, because his last iron-clad man-of-war struck a pine stump at the mouth of the Tiber, and sunk the two

millions expended on the imperial craft, which went into the hands of cormorant contractors for the imagined benefit of the royal party, but in fact was put away in the deep pockets of those who ran the political machine.

This was what is usually denominated "shameless robbery," by the press and people; but those who were on the "inside" and enjoyed some of the "chicken pie," regarded the building and sinking of the man-of-war as legitimate business. The Secretary of the Navy knew that as long as he could hold the appropriation committees of the realm up to the fear of a foreign invasion, he would have no trouble in securing all the money he wanted to build ships—on paper, and thus keep himself and Augustus in power as long as the ladies of the household wished to shine at the capital. He was like his master, a great Reformer, and with only ten per cent. of principle, he actually made the rabble herd of Rome believe that he had at least ninety per cent., and many of the fools lauded his pretences to par. What rot?

The civil service reform of the empire was the great "hobby" of Augustus and his cabinet, and consisted *in fact,* in reforming their parasite friends from ordinary citizens, into extraordinary office holders. The smallest official places of the realm were sought out for their begging followers, and those who had honestly and intelligently served the Cæsars of the past for many years, were pronounced unfit for even the place of messenger, clerk or commissioner. Yet, what will not

Reform do; when we have learned for centuries, that, like patriotism, it is "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

> "No sow-gelder did blow his horn,
> To geld a cat, but cry reform.
> The oyster women locked their fish up,
> And trudged away to cry, No Bishop!"

The Secretary of War sat on the left of the Emperor, bearing a lot of dispatches from Spain, Germany and Britain, showing that the Roman eagle had been clipped of many of his fine feathers, and was stripped almost as bare as the parrot that tackled the historic monkey. The old man only knew what war was from hearsay; yet he made up in ancestral pride, dignity and pretence, what he lacked in force and information. He had around him a lot of military snobs, whose record for red tape, and soft places might vie with that of those carpet knights of old, who capered nimbly in a lady's chamber "to the lascivious pleasings of a lute."

The Minister of Justice, clad in the robes of his royal office, sat on the left of DESPAIR, eyeing her with a far off, anxious, fitful gaze. His case, and office was never so bad that Hope entirely deserted him; and although he held the scales of justice with a seeming equilibrium, I noticed they always tipped on the side where the most gold and power prevailed. Fraud and purple in wealth, found in him a willing ear and ready signature; while truth in rags was spurned with contempt by this slab sided, time serving sycophant. He had the faculty of putting on a sanctified look of

bland, devoted justice when he was prepared to play the devil of duplicity and pelf.

The Secretary of State sat at the back of the Emperor to whisper in his ear all needed words of warning, hypocrisy, and duplicated diplomacy. He could look any one in the face with a plastic smile, say "yes" when he meant "no," and say "no" when he meant "yes." He belonged to an old family who were related to the Plinys of Rome, and had managed by his native hypocrisy and wealth to keep in power through every administration, although his ability scarcely approached mediocrity. Yet, what will not time, precedent and family influence do for even an old "Peter Funk." "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." This last was the case with our honored Secretary, who never failed to hold some kind of an office, and I must say managed to keep the world at large from knowing how little he really knew.

His entanglements with foreign lands were few and far between, because in this golden, Augustinian age of peace, he consented to be insulted, kicked and humiliated by even the most insignificant states, rather than have any of the "feather bed soldiers" around the Roman realm disturbed from their sleep of security, or battered in their beauty. It is no trouble to preserve peace with foreign nations. when you have a "peace at any price" Secretary, and one who will allow your flag to be hauled down and trampled upon with impunity. Nice man? * * *

One blast from the trumpet of the royal bugler brought the crown bearer to the side of the Emperor who relinquished his diadem, a well known signal for all the guests present to lay to and feast on the rich viands that were placed before them.

Such a bill of fare was never seen before or since. In the center of the table there was placed, rampant, two roasted bulls that had been fed on the finest fodder for three years; and the dripping spices from their luscious sides, flowed into mammoth chafing dishes, filling the banquet hall with an aroma beyond compare.

Farther on, toward the foot of the table, were roasted roebucks, fried fawns, broiled boars, and boiled salmon, from the head waters of the Danube, Kennebec and Columbia, while near the head of the royal board, five thousand nightingales and ten thousand snipe, were perched on toast, waiting devouration. Twenty thousand humming bird tongues were imported from South America, cooked and passed about by Numidian waiters to encourage the musical buzz of the assembled nabobs.

The fruits were brought from Sicily and Persia, and the world was put under tribute for vegetables and wine. Valernian came from the ranch of Mæcenas, nectarine from the broad womb of Pliny's acres, Clicquot from the rugged hills of the Rhine and the Gaul of Peters, Mumm, from Manhattan, a brevet Irish village beyond the sea; Piper Sec, from Philadelphia, a pensive town, where people travel along a white rut of door steps, because their dead relations did the same, and the old brand of Perrier Jouet spouted about the

table as if Jeff Davis and the Savannah artillery had nothing else to do but advertise the "Old Guard," who fought and fell at Waterloo, in the special interest of Napoleon, Major McLean and Captain Saunders!

The knives and forks—Rogers' best, were of the purest silver; the plates and dishes were of the finest work, and the cups and saucers were chased out of the brightest variegated onyx, emerald, lapis-lazuli, turquoise and topaz, while the Emperor and his consort drank out of diamond cups, rimmed by pigeon blood rubies.

This remarkable table service was manufactured, on general principles, by a gentleman named Tiffanni, who kept at one time a pawn shop on the west end of the Rialto, but who through the patronage of Cæsar, became the grand jewel purveyor of the realm.

The revelers, after a splendid feast of three hours were in fine shape for the intellectual banquet; for it is a well known fact, that the more wine a man takes at a banquet, the better he is fitted to make a fool of himself, and flatter the vanity of the orators, who seemingly grow great, in their own estimation, in accordance with the volume of noise, and so called cheers they elicit by a burst of eloquence.

Augustus Cæsar arose in majestic mein, grasped the golden rod of power, rapped the floor three times, and addressed the guests as follows:

Romans and patriots! (Hear, hear, hear!) tonight my heart is filled with unalloyed joy at the sight of so many of my royal subjects, whose bright and in-

telligent faces give promise of eternal fealty and loyalty. The Roman eagle spreads its broad wings over the world, turns its gray, lightning eye to the sun, and screams a bold defiance to all mankind. (Prolonged applause.) The Germans and Britons are giving us a little trouble on the borders of our empire at the present time; but relying, not on my own poor wisdom (?) but on the stout hearts and strong arms of my invincible subjects, we shall soon take the field, and exterminate these vile men from the face of the earth, who dare for a moment defy our universal power. (Hi, hi, hi!) I now appoint my friend GENEROSITY, master of ceremonies for the night, and command all my subjects to obey him according to the ancient and honorable precepts of our great and glorious order of "Golden Imperiability."

GENEROSITY. Ladies and Gentlemen, Language is totally inadequate to portray the inexpressible feelings of my sighing soul for the high and mighty honor his majesty has conferred upon me by designating one so humble to preside as master of ceremonies on this auspicious and magnificent occasion. (Loud and sonorous applause.)

The first toast on the printed programme (fresh from the government office) is The day we celebrate in memory of Romulus and "Uncle Remus." I have the honor to present to your gaze and ear the member from ancient times — Colonel William Silome, a notoriously funny man.

SILOME. Fellow citizens, I well remember my old

friends "Rom," and "Rem," who assisted me in digging the first dry cellar of this Eternal City. The lads were a little quarrelsome, and one of them had a decided wolfish look. These brothers had a small unpleasantness about the capacity of the first wall of the city to keep out the Sabine woman from making a raid on the peace and virtue of the people. A skirmish ensued, and one of the boys went out and over the walls to stay. I can say now, without fear of contradiction, that I am the oldest inhabitant on the stage of action, having raised the risibles of the people for the past two thousand years. And yet Marktwine, O'Hilltree and Jerome presume to contest with me when the foam is on the wine and the bloom is on the rye. I have kept tally (at Sheeps-head Bay and Delmonico's) of the rise and fall of men and empires, and I must say that I never knew a man who put pulverized sugar in his "Bourbon" that could be trusted to deal a square hand in the dark. A man may lie to his washerwoman, sell out a political caucus to the other party, stuff a ballot box, fail to ante in the historic jack-pot, tell his waiting wife that he has been at the lodge, and it all goes; but when he neglects to take his liquor straight, I am his natural enemy. And now, boys, here's to "the day we celebrate," and also to the ladies, God bless them, last at the cradle and first at the grave! (Great cheering.)

Generosity. The next toast is, Mystic memories. We are fortunate in having with us to-

night the Grand Oriental, High, Almighty, Gehosaphat, crown-bearer of Omnipotence, and half brother to the sun, and first cousin to the moon. I call on General Workemall to respond.

General Workemall. My worthy and exalted brothers and sisters, Although I hail from a land watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, and shadowed by the broken remains of Babylonian temples, I can say with my hand on my heart that never until to night have I experienced ecstatic joy. Some three thousand years ago, under the hanging gardens of Ninevah, I established lodge No. 1, with thirteen kings as charter members. We increased rapidly, until a broker named Belzebub, who kept shop on the main square of the city. clandestinely induced the treasurer of our order to invest in wheat and river and harbor improvement stock, when lo! and behold! he lost all the Oriental Lodge cash on hand, and we were turned out into the cold world, where we have been wandering in the woods ever since.

In caves, deep valleys and mountain heights we held our conclaves; and although the growl of the bear, the yelp of the wolf and roar of the lion often frightened us, they were not so mean and uncharitable as man, who pursues his brother with more chilling vengeance than the wildest, wintry blast.

Generosity. The next toast is "The late soldier." We have a gentleman among us whose reputation for gallantry is as broad as the globe, and whose eloquence almost equals that of my friend Cicero, sitting on

my right. I call upon the illustrious General Blowhardt, an old and familiar acquaintance at every banquet, where food and fluid are dispensed.

BLOWHARDT. Fellow soldiers and citizens, When the tocsin of war reverberated over the valleys and mountains of the Capitolian hills and Pyrenees, and startled the ploughman in his field, the merchant at his counter, the lawyer at his desk and the minister in his pulpit, I left my shoe shop in Milan, buckled on my knapsack, and cartridge box, with forty rounds, and flew to the field of slaughter to save my country, for the modest sum of thirteen dollars a month. After the battle of Pharsalia I was lifted from the ranks for gallantry in leading the men to the rear without the loss of a single soldier and promoted to the rank of colonel! I led the battalions of Alexander through Macedonia and Persia, and when the conqueror of the world drank six quarts of wine at one draught at his great feast at Babylon, I assisted in carrying him to the royal tent, feet foremost, where this great and grand man expired, the devotee of Mars and Bacchus. Then when Miltiades gave his blizzard blow to Xerxes at Marathon and Salamis, I inflicted some of my Ku-Klux medicine upon the Persian carpet-baggers.

At Waterloo I became General by the discriminating power of Napoleon, who left me on the field to command the Old Guard, while he beat a hasty retreat for the lights of Paris, and gave up forever the ghost of glory that had so long impelled him to slaughter millions of men for personal ambition. Even after the fight

Wellington sent a special aid, for me to repair to his tent; and before his whole staff and his victorious army said:

General Blowhardt: Although I have conquered your master and yourself, and decimated, as it were, the pride of the Old Guard, I must say in justice to you as a noble and heroic enemy, that I never, even in my wars in Spain, met a man who displayed so much courage and endurance as you have to-day; and were it not that Fate has accidentally made me master of the situation, I should under other and more favorable circumstances have been delighted to award you the crown of glory and surrender my sword to you instead of demanding yours, as I do now, even amid a flood of tears! (Astounding applause from the banquet revelers.) Gentlemen, I can tell you in all candor that at the close of this great speech of the Iron Duke, there was not a dry eye in that whole army. Even Blucher, the Prussian salamander, wept like a child and fell off his horse!

You may remember also the occasion when I plunged into the Rubicon, almost up to my neck, and when Cæsar waved his sword and uttered to me that grand message "*Veni, vidi, vici,*" which I laid before the Senate with my own voice, and had it printed in the Congressional Globe, and transcribed on vellum, which can be seen to this day pasted on the brow of Jove as he stands in majesty in the war department.

By this heroic act I was made General of the whole Army; and as is well known, without any solicitation

of my political friends, for you know that I am a diffident, modest man, and any promotion that comes through intrinsic merit must be thrust upon me. (Cheers.)

During the recent war, I knew quite a number of late soldiers when bullets were flying, but these pampered patriots were never too late to ride in an ambulance, answer the surgeon's call, draw rations, retire to the hospital for catarrh or "rheumatiz," and then get an "honorable discharge" for their record as "hospital soldiers," by which in after years they might easily secure a plethoric pension for having performed heroic duty as genuine soldiers in hospital!

One of the other late soldiers was, Old Capital, who sent a substitute to the war and had him wounded or killed for cash. This fellow was scattered all over the country, and often he could be found in Canada, at some nice watering place, waiting patiently until the tyrant Secretary of War filled the quota of the draft.

Then Old Capital, who was generally a politician, would sneak back to his old stamping ground, put up town caucuses, issue the usual call for him to run for congress, (all without his knowledge of course,) and finally consent, at a great sacrifice, to become "your honored candidate."

The circulation of campaign documents ("greenbacks") never failed to secure his election, and then when he sat in the halls of legislation, *virtue, integrity and peace* found their most ardent advocate, and the

whole country rang with the glory of Honorable Hiram Hockinhock.

This same patriot is about to-day, and the same deeds of keen and quiet hypocrisy that he played on the "old soldiers," in the long ago, he is repeating with renewed success, and will until the crack of doom.

But my friends, of all the great and good heroes connected with the war, the man most noticeable for bravery, courage and cash was,

THE ARMY SUTLER.

I sing the song of the sutler, who fought in the battle of life;
The song of the prize package artist, who never got into the strife;
Not the jubilant song of the soldier, who never forgot to lay claim
To the "greenbacks" that stuck in the "jack-pot," at the end of a winter night game.
But the song of the beautiful sutler who traveled in sunshine and rain—
For the sake of the Almighty Dollar and whatever else he could gain;
And his youth bore no flower on its branches, for his age was a bright sunny day,
For the prize that he gloriously grasped at was the cash that he carried away.
And the work that he did for the army in the rear of the soldiers was seen,
Where he set up his crackers and herrings, and the smell of the festive sardine—
That he sold to the "boys" on a credit or the clamp of a paymaster's lease,
And six boxes he gave for five dollars, while the rest brought a dollar apiece.
While the world at large sheds a tear to the hero who may be bereft,
I drink to the grand Army Sutler who never was known to get left!
Who rushed to the front when the camp fires lit up all the hills, without fear,
But at the first crack of the rifle he galloped away to the rear
With his pipes, his tobacco and whisky and his barrels of sour lager beer,

And he never let up on his running till the Long Bridge appeared to his view,
Where he opened up a shop in his wagon, and roped in the gay "boys in blue;"
How he held to his faith unseduced, with the glint of the cash in his eye,
And for this great cause how he suffered; for the cash not the country he'd die!
Then rear to the sutler a temple of granite and brass that will stay,
Where the spirit of Shylock shall hover and beam on the "blue" and the "gray,"
That once paid a tribute to genius with a gall that no mortal could rule,
And a smile like a lightning rod peddler, and a cheek like the grand Army Mule!

GENEROSITY. The next toast is, The Men, may they never grow old. I ask Mrs. Senator Leapatus to respond.

MRS. L. Your majesty, and gentlemen and ladies, I cannot do justice to men. They are often so far beyond my reach that I can't "catch on." It is not to be expected in this wild, weird world that men will ever receive their just deserts. Justice is too scarce an article to ever reach the sterner sex, while they hold the scales in their own hands.

If women should go to the lodge, bask in the glare of the stupid sentimentality of rote-ritual of words, that may sound nice to the ear, but really mean nothing; sit at the gaming table or worse places, with eyes bleared and red, until daylight; soak whisky and wine like a sponge, and return in the dawning, looking like boiled lobsters, men might understand what an innate disgust the "fair sex" entertain for them, and learn at last what fools men make of themselves, even

while they are prating of being the "lords of creation." (Applause from the ladies, and sighs and groans from some of the old Senators.)

I will admit that there are a few good men, such as my brother, father, and husband, who must of necessity remain out late when the Senate is in session or the committee on appropriations are concluding how many millions the rivers and harbors of the realm will need, and particularly the amount that will be expended in their respective states. My liege lord is never addicted to even the vice of gambling, for it was only last night he returned from the Capitol restaurant, where he informed me, as a reason for his absence, that he and his committee had been entertaining a party of four kings from Asia and a pair of queens from Persia. When I see other men, compare their conduct with my curled darling, and hear of the escapades they indulge in, I bless the day that sent me Senator Leapatus, whose sincerity, sobriety and continence are only equaled by his virtue, wisdom and faith to his noble family. (Some of the old Senators were taken with a coughing spell, and many of them stuffed their napkins in their mouths to smother their laughter.)

In girlhood, I had great confidence in all men, but since my hair has been turned from black to white by the snows of fifty-five winters, I must say, in conclusion, that Senator Leapatus is the only milestone of manhood left of my former faith.

"Since man to man is so unjust
I scarcely know what man to trust;

I've trusted many, *to my sorrow;*
So pay to-day and I'll trust to-morrow!"

(Tremendous cheering.)

GENEROSITY. The next toast on the list is Woman, our delight in youth, our companion in manhood, and our comfort in old age. I call upon Senator Leapatus, the wise patriarch, to respond.

SENATOR L. Your majesty and fellow citizens, After the glowing eulogium (negative and positive) pronounced by the tender and beautiful Mrs. L. (Continued coughing) I am at a loss to employ fitting terms to gild and glorify her sex. At the foot of this banquet board, however, sits our royal queen, the flower of her race and the radiant emblem of imperial virtue (aside—I wish I could say as much for others of her sex).

From the earliest dawn of time, long before spring ploughing began outside the garden of Eden, woman was a prime factor in the propagation of man. My mother was a woman, and were it not for her consideration and love I would not have the distinguished honor of addressing you to-night.

The most endearing words are sweetheart, sister, daughter, wife, mother, and the keystone to this royal arch of purity and love is woman. The touch of her warm hand lulls the sleeping babe to sweet repose. The glance of her beaming eye thrills the soul of manhood, and in the golden sunlight of old age, she clings with undying affection to the object of her love. Pure and patient at the cradle, faithful and enduring at the

cross, she will merit and receive the crown of immortal life beyond the sun and stars.

In every land and clime the advancement of woman points to the pathway of civilization, and although she speaks in various tongues, her language of love is universal, and her influence in home, church and state mark the milestones of human progress.

History is full of heroic women who led armies, died for the liberty of their country, suffered the tortures of battle, and the pangs of hospital experience. Cleopatra, the lovely Egyptian queen; the Maid of Orleans, whose white banner proclaimed victory; Charlotte Corday, the heroic peasant girl, who killed a heartless tyrant, and Florence Nightingale, the charity angel of modern times, are all niched in historic grandeur, and ages yet unborn will sing the glory of their proud renown.

But, while these, and other heroines of history, have left the impress of their genius upon the enduring tablets of the world, the quiet, loving, patient heroine of home, who toils for the child and man she loves, claims most of my respect and admiration. In the silent watches of the night, she stoops with a nervous listening ear over the pale face of her dying boy, and through her sobbing tears and breaking heart she holds his image to the grave. The last sigh of the dying child echoes in the fond breast of the mother, and the last look of the fleeting soul, seen through the closing eyes of the departing mortal, is photographed forever on her face and heart.

The bed of pain, the prison, the poorhouse, the gallows and the grave find her ministering hand, and she is always ready to throw the mantle of charity over any fallen mortal, and soothe the anguish of misfortune in the deepest valley of despair.

> Here's a toast then to woman, heart true and free,
> Who quaffs off a cup to memory and me,
> And wafts o'er the billow sighs of regret,
> For hours that have gone and suns that have set;
> Yet changeless as Fate, who loves to the close
> Her wandering hero through strife and repose—
> Fresh in her beauty as dew on the rose.

When the sage Senator took his seat, amid a whirlwind of cheers, and the marble rafters echoed his glory, GENEROSITY arose and announced as the very last and most important toast, Money, and called on Moses Frankenstien of Jerusalem to respond. Moses had been the banker of the Emperor for many years and the right bower of the Secretary of the Treasury. He stood in his socks five feet five, supported a "summer head," with a long humped nose attached ; long chin, below a pair of narrow, thin lips, long, bony fingers, long legs and thick broad feet. He wore a pair of steel gray eyes, that peered through glasses, while his face and brow were deeply furrowed by the ploughshare of time. He could have been taken anywhere, without introduction, as a lineal descendent of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; and even in the dark, with no guide but his slow, sharp, economical voice, this relic of a by-gone age, would be known as of the race

of the Wandering Jew, and the butt of persecution for all lands. He spoke as follows : My royal queen and my good friends, From the earliest dawn of creation, and the first wants of man, the generic Jew has been the pioneer of civilization, the moulder of empires and the financial fulcrum for the lever of the world to rest upon.

WIT. Three cheers and a tiger for the gentleman from Palestine !

FRANKENSTEIN. Although persecuted by the Persian, the Turk, the Spaniard, the Russian, the Roman, the German, the Briton, and even by the American, he yet thrives, keeps shop, store and bank, and is ready to trade with anybody for cash.

You know full well, my good friends, that while my irrepressible race has been long scattered over the earth, and is in the minority in most lands, yet our cash is always in the majority, and we force people, princes and potentates, to beg at our banking houses for the means by which they exist in peace and triumph in war. Ferdinand and Isabella banished us from their domain for no other reason than to confiscate our lands and rob us of our jewels and money — all in the name of religion, but in reality for pure and simple robbery, because they had the power to enforce their damnable edicts.

A drunken gentile and playwright named William Shakespeare, labeled me as Shylock, a miser and thief, because I loaned a bankrupt merchant Antonio, three thousand ducats to keep him from prison for debt,

and then, when I wanted my money as well as punish the spend-thrift imposter for abusing me personally, the whole tribe of black mailing lawyers, in conjunction with the court, made a "combine" to rob me of the cash I had saved by prudence and economy.

WIT. What about your friend Pontius Pilate?

FRANKENSTEIN. I hope he is in as hot a place as you deserve to be. Pilate was a Roman carpet-bagger, and played the same cowardly judge, in the case of Christ, as the Duke of Venice did in my own case. Both of them time servers and sycophants for cash.

Shakespeare, of course, was a great and wonderful writer, none having lived before or since, not even Donnelly or Bacon, who could hold a candle to his volcanic illuminated, divine genius. But, many of the morals that he teaches might be relegated to the haunts of the scarlet woman and the garbage pile of licentious putrefaction. The idea of a man like him abusing me and my race and setting us up through the ages to be despised, for what? Nothing, but that I exacted absolute justice.

Look at his record. A deer stealer, a poacher, a runaway, a truant horse holder, a supe at a theater, a town bummer, a midnight tavern roysterer, a noted roue, and the associate of such infamous characters as Dame Quickly, Falstaff, and the royal murderer, Henry the Eighth. A fine quartette of social assassins! There is not one of his plays or poems that does not refer to, or make an excuse for, either duplicity, drunkenness or illicit love, and while he, in many instances,

covers them up with the fine honeyed touches of a great word painter, it is there nevertheless, blotching and disfiguring the logic and splendid philosophy he endeavored to instil into the human heart.

Shakespeare has done more to injure the morals of mankind than all the men that ever wrote before or since his time; and while he held up the looking-glass of vice for our abhorrence and detestation, he knew full well that constant contact with temptation was the shortest route to its indulgence.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mein,
> To be hated needs but to be seen;
> When seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The divine bard pictures the rich, extravagant Timon of Athens, as a man-hater, driving him to death in a lonely forest by the sounding sea; and blames the lordly guests who feasted at his generous banquets, for heartless ingratitude, when as a fact, the actual misfortunes of old Timon can be traced directly to his own vanity and presumption, and that lack of strict daily economy I have always studied and practiced. The care and prudence Shakespeare blames in me, he lauds in Laertes through the lips of Polonius in these words:

> Give thy thoughts no tongue:
> Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
> Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
> The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy: rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man:
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Such a medley of contradictions and such an individual consistency and inconsistency as Shakespeare presents to the world cannot be found in any other volume. Even the various bibles of all the various human religions, the result of hope and imagination, do not show such glaring inconsistencies as those that emanate from this mysterious man.

There are words, phrases and verses in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Romeo and Juliet, Midsummer Night's Dream, the Rape of Lucrece, and Venus and Adonis, unfit for publication in a well regulated police gazette; and only fit for the eye and ear of midnight club men, theatrical devotees or lascivious loungers who while away and kill the lingering hours of life by the temporary enjoyment of these passionate platitudes of philosophy.

My good friends, persecution always reacts upon the fool or tyrant that inaugurates it, and he who digs a pit for his brother generally falls into it himself. Some of the greatest and wisest men that have ever come into the world were Jews. Moses, Abraham, Solomon, David, Christ, Josephus, Jeremiah, Rothschild, Mendelssohn, Disraeli and Montefiore—men renowned for wisdom, splendor, charity, wealth and statesmanship, were all Jews, and have left the imprint of their good works upon the pulsating tablets of human hearts,as indelible as the mountain peaks that lift their pure heads into the stars that nightly shine over Alpine ranges. Prejudice and persecution have ever followed the climbing footsteps of the great and good, and the meanness and hate of little souls are inspired by seeing anyone successful.

> "He who ascends the mountain tops shall find
> The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow:
> He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
> Must look down on the hate of those below."

Mr. Frankenstein sat down amid the wildest burst of applause, and the Emperor rose to close the banquet. The crown was placed upon his head; waving the golden rod he said:

My loyal subjects, the advancing footsteps of the dawn shines lightly on the misty mountain tops, the arrows of brightness from the bow of Jehovah pierce my palace windows ; the feathered tribe in my gardens twitter their morning praises to the rising sun; the

glow-worm pales his ineffectual fires before the god of day; the plash of the fountains and the distant murmur of the Tiber, warn us that another day gives us health and life.

Rise, my faithful subjects, and let us drain the bowl of Bacchus to vengeance and desolation to the Northern Vandals, who refuse to obey our royal will. Another day, and my legions shall be climbing the steeps of the Apennines, with sword and torch, devestating the fields and homes of the barbarian.

A thunder of cheers greeted this pronunciamento, but just as the last echoes of the acclamation died away on the perfumed air, a roar came up from the palace garden, rung along the shining halls and corridors, chilling the souls of the revelers by the wild cry of "the Goths, the Goths; they have forced the city gates; they fire the churches, temples and towers, and swarm about the palace precincts!" GENEROSITY gave a nod and a wink to WIT and DESPAIR, when they threw off their semblance of material humanity, plumed their wings, flew from the upper windows of the imperial capital, and did not cease soaring until they rested on a huge Alpine crag, miles away from Rome, where they paused for rest, to look back on a city in flames, and an emperor and people put to the sword and reduced to ashes beneath the gorgeous buildings erected for pleasure and power.

Luxury and avarice made these haughty Romans weak; the spoils of nations pampered their pride; power and licentiousness made them vain, and these

corroding qualities, combined with imperial and imagined invincibility, finally invited the wild invaders and desperate hordes of hardy barbarians, who overran the "Eternal City," leaving it an emblem of desolation, where the bat, owl, cricket, viper and lizard reigned supreme, amid the tumble-down temples covered with vines, thistles and rag weeds, the only mementoes of nature to murmur a requiem over the remains of buried glory!

Rome, personified, might exclaim with Lord Byron,

> What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
> What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
> To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
> And be alone on earth as I am now.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE WING TO VENICE, FLORENCE AND PARIS.

GENEROSITY. Onward, our work is not yet finished, pleasure and pain run side by side, as "a double team," and no one ever knew genuine happiness that did not know change. We'll wing away and glance at the crumbling monuments of mankind, deplore the bloody sacrifices inaugurated for their amusement and ambition, cauterize their living infidelities and search through the world for our brother, TRUTH, and sweet sister, LOVE.

Look below; here is Venice and Florence in the glimmering distance. Venice was once the pride of the Adriatic, the grand mart of marine commerce, the royal seat of domineering doges, the site of splendid palaces and sculptured bridges spanning liquid roads, where purple barges and golden gondolas, with merry revelers, held high carnival to the music of the lute, violin, harp and mandolin, accompanied by enchanting voices under the sensuous spell of summer moonbeams.

Her glory is departed, and her treasures are lost in the secret caves where merry mermaids and old Neptune reign supreme. Her palaces, bridges, walls and marble docks are cracked and crumbled by the tearing tooth of time, and the green slime and weeds of old

ocean creep around the foundations of her former grandeur. The pigmy princes and pitiful paupers that now inhabit these dilapidated homes, are but shivering, humiliated remnants of their glorious and industrious progenitors.

The modern Italian is but a grief to the intelligent traveler, when compared with those of ancient days. As Goldsmith observes,

> Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
> Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain:
> Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
> And even in penance planning sins anew.

Look for a moment at Florence, the home of ideal religion and art. It nestles along the winding waters of the classic Arno, or shines with suburban homes, monasteries, churches and palaces, perched upon the green spurs of the rolling Apennines. Here Boccaccio and his beauties lived a life of intelligent love and pleasure, within hearing of the wild wail that rose from the plague stricken city, as thousands of the fairest and best were left to rot in the streets, or be tumbled into improvised graves by hands that followed in quick succession.

Here Galileo, Petrarch, da Vinci, Angelo, Medici, Titian and Dante, wrought for the elevation of the human race, and sacrificed their noble lives for Nature and her grand ideas. The Duomos and Santa Croce, the principal cathedrals, built of variegated marble and lined inside with lapis-lazuli, jasper, onyx, and many

other precious stones, containing statues and paintings by immortal masters, whose bones now molder beneath the artistic memorials they designed and produced.

In life, these brilliant and glorious characters, were pursued and persecuted, by the ignorant and vulgar, because of the art and science they promulgated, and many of them were tortured or banished from their native land by tyrannical lords, dukes, princes and popes, who could not conceive or appreciate the rich treasures that lay concealed in the blazing brain of genius. And yet when their poems, music, paintings, statues and temples were finished, and an admiring world knelt at the sacred shrine of originality, then millions of florins were collected and appropriated by little official harlequins to erect memorial busts, and statues, in marble and bronze, in celebration and deification of the very men they would have incinerated in life. Monuments in death, banishment and starvation in life.

WHEN I AM DEAD, let no vain pomp display
A surface sorrow o'er my pulseless clay.
But all the dear old friends I loved in life
Can shed a tear, console my child and wife.

When I am dead let strangers pass me by,
Nor ask a reason for the how or why
That brought my wandering life to praise or shame
Or marked me for the fading flowers of fame.

When I am dead the vile assassin tongue
Will try and banish all the lies it flung,
And make amends for all its cruel wrong
In fulsome prose and eulogistic song.

When I am dead, what matters to the crowd?
The world will rattle on as long and loud,
And each one in the game of life will plod
The field to fortune and the way to God.

When I am dead, some sage for self renown,
May urn my ashes in some park or town,
And give, when I am cold and lost and dead,
A marble shaft where once I needed bread!

We will now circle away over the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean, gaze on the peaceful peasants of Lombardy, cross the towering sky-piercing Alps, and quietly descend to this modest French cottage, situated on the sluggish waters of the Seine, in sight of Paris, where we will resume our human peregrinations. This is the grand domain of the Duke Montcalm,

WIT. I'm glad you reach earth occasionally, for I have been tramping on clouds so long, that I feel like a wandering wild goose, squawking at the world, and chasing stars for countless centuries.

DESPAIR. Yes, and I feel like a war hospital, where fever, open wounds, broken bones and crippled soldiers invite my congenial and ever present friend, Death.

GENEROSITY. Oh! don't. Death comes soon enough without courting and inviting its mysterious association, and you must know that the coward dies a thousand times, through fear of the inevitable, while the brave and generous man only bows once to the fiat of Fate.

Ah! what a lovely scene lies here before us. Surely

if pleasure can be found on earth, this quiet peaceful home should be its abode. This peaked, straggling-gabled house, situated in the center of a blooming garden, on the banks of a silver stream, margined by variegated roses, clambering vines, blushing fruit and ripening vegetables, where twittering, flitting birds enhance the vernal scene, must be an emblem of heaven on earth, where sin and sorrow never come and whose inmates rise and retire with the first and last notes of warbling birds.

This is the land of Charlemagne the hero of chivalry; the realm of Louis le Grande, whose luxury and infidelity undermined the state; the glory and grave of Napoleon, whose eagles tore out the entrails of Europe, to be in turn lacerated and expire at last, an exile, on the barren rocks of St. Helena.

Yet with all the warning and desolation that man and his vaulting ambition brought on this nation; pride, pleasure and fantastic frivolities still prevail.

> "Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
> Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please."

A knock at the cottage door disclosed to GENEROSITY, a family room, with a tall young man confronting him, a woman about forty years sitting at the head of a table and a girl of twenty on her right, with a blooming boy of three years sitting on her left. The strangers were asked to take a seat and join the family at breakfast. GENEROSITY introduced himself and companions to the home of

PIERRE LAVELLE.

Interchange of thought soon broke the icy crust of formality. It is a rare occasion when GENEROSITY fails to generate affection and confidence, and at the present time the mother, for such was the lady at the head of the table, wished to unburden her heavy heart to some one who could appreciate the pangs that grief brings in its gloomy train.

GENEROSITY inquired for the father of the house, but received an evasive answer; yet was told that the family were about to visit him at the royal hospital situated inside the tall bleak walls of the Paris prison. At the mention of the word prison, GENEROSITY, WIT and DESPAIR exchanged rapid glances, and then with down-cast eyes sank into contemplation. With furtive view, they occasionally gazed at the walls of the cottage, bedecked with rare specimens of art. Pictures of forest waterfalls, rolling, meadow landscapes, with cattle at the pool, marine and sunset views, as well as portraits of ancient gentlemen and royal dames, in the scanty costumes of their time,—shone resplendent from the walls of the clean cottage.

On rustic oak brackets and shelves, stood miniature pictures, in wood, marble and bronze, of fawns, nymphs, lions, eagles and storks; while on a pedestal at the end of the room, covered with pink gauze stood life-size figures, in marble, of Adam and Eve, as they might have looked, when departing, hand in hand, from the garden of Paradise, outcasts and wrecks to the sin of disobedience and impulsive passion!

A person, with even a surface knowledge of life, could see at once, that this was, indeed, the home of an artist. Mrs. Lavelle as I said before, was about forty years of age, with blue eyes and a heavy suit of bright blonde hair coiled at the back of her head in the old style of rural innocence. Her nose was thin and long, while her face was rather round and fair, wearing that settled sadness that outlines the inward grief of troubled hearts.

The daughter, Lorain, was young, petite and sprightly. She might be considered beautiful were it not for an abbreviated nose, and her quick glance, that impressed the beholder with a sense of her vanity and innate vacillation. She dressed with neatness, but at the same time, the startling colors of her garb and the profusion of jewelry, indicated a mind prone to pleasure, love and admiration. And, after all, show me the woman, young or old, that is not subject to deep laid flattery and surface admiration. Nature marked Lorain in the mold of pouting passion, and art only added to the embellishment of her eccentric, dangerous charms.

The son, Pierre, was a fine, manly fellow of twenty-two, standing six feet, and crowned with a wealth of black, curly hair, puffed up over a high forehead. His eyes were of a deep hazel hue, nose straight and long, lips with the bow of beauty, arching rows of even set teeth and a sharp chin, indicating unmistakable determination.

The little boy, Duke, bore but a very small re-

semblance to his young mother; yet there was something in his extraordinary gray eyes, broad head and impulsive loquacity that betokened a lineage of no mean extraction.

While the family were preparing to visit the father in the prison hospital, a knock was heard at the door, and upon invitation a modest French lad, about nineteen years of age entered, and was introduced to the strangers as De Voy de Lay. He was the only son of a modest silk weaver who lived adjoining the garden of the Lavelle home. His face was indicative of innocence, benevolence and confidence, and his mild blue eyes betokened a heart that had never been seared by sin, and a mind that loved the beautiful in nature. His bashful glances at Lorain bore the arrows of sorrow; and the remembrance of "what might have been" swept over his soul like the cold waves of the sea dashing over the pale, bleak stones of a stormy strand.

De Voy and Lorain had been friends from childhood, chasing butterflies, culling flowers, sauntering in search of pure pebbles on the shores of the Seine, gathering grapes in the mellow autumn days, and skipping hand in hand to the village school.

The old bachelor, Duke Montcalm, had observed this happy pair as they roamed over his rich, ancestral domain, and often in his tour of inspection, astride of his milk white mare, met these loving children picking wild flowers or gathering the nuts that had fallen from forest trees. He would condescend, on occasions to stop and talk to the pair, compliment Lorain on her

sprightly appearance, and the young man in having such a nice sweetheart. Sometimes, he met Lorain alone, and on one particular occasion, suggested that a Dolly Varden silk dress, pair of ear-rings and feathered bonnet, would add to her natural beauty and enhance her importance in the eyes of the villagers, who are ever ready to laud the gaudy trappings of surface prosperity, at the expense of modesty, purity and real worth clad in honest linsey-woolsey.

She, with feigned modesty, looked abashed at the Duke, sighed and said her father was only a poor artist and could not afford to give her the adornment the noble lord had suggested, although she, herself, would be delighted to secure the fine dressing. The old Duke, who was a noted gallant, intimated that it was easy for her to secure what she desired if she would call at the castle, and present the card he extended with a gracious bow. As the Duke rode away, he waved his hand to the vain, foolish girl, throwing a playful kiss with the air of one who had already entrapped a foolish fly in the meshes of his glittering web. How many spiders through all the ages have thus entangled flitting flies in the fine spun gauze of their destructive flattery.

From that moment in the grand old forest, the head and weak heart of Lorian was turned and she began to drift away from the honest love of her youth, to the gilded heights of fashionable fraud and ambition. On her way home, visions of city life, balls, drives and operas, with fine garments, jewels and rich

viands, swept across the musings of her mind, causing her to forget the humble and obscure home, where, clad in country brown, she had been reared, and might remain, content, innocent and pure, instead of leaping into the vortex of temporary, fleeting pleasure, that soon surfeits the devotee and leaves her a despised wreck at the doors of those who flattered her beauty, only to ruin the temple of hope, health and virtue!

DeVoy could see a change in the conduct of his loved Lorian since the meeting with the Duke in the forest, and we know when the lurking devil of doubt once takes possession of the soul where love reigned, the victim, like a blasted ruin in a storm, can never be perfect again.

These betrothed children, at the time of which we speak were sixteen and seventeen respectively. During the three subsequent years, sad and desperate events transpired, which left in their wake wrinkles, shame, poverty and death.

* * * * * * * * *

The Lavelle family finally prepared for perhaps the last visit to a husband and father, confined within the ponderous jaws of a sombre prison that shone under the rays of the setting sun, on a hill top, three miles away on the banks of the Seine. GENEROSITY asked on behalf of himself and associates, the privilege of accompanying the family to the bedside of the dying man. There was no objection. He stepped away to a wayside restaurant, across the road, purchased the best bottle of wine and basket of fruit in the house, and

then joined the mournful train as they walked towards the prison in the gathering gloom of an autumn twilight.

A pull at a bell-knob brought an armed sentinel to the window of a huge iron gate. The wife presented a card of admission, which was taken to the keeper who appeared, and after a number of questions admitted the whole party into the outer corridor of the penal resort, where they were searched, and nothing being found to infringe upon the rules of the institution, they were conveyed up many winding stone stairs, through long halls, until they were at last admitted to the upper corner room at the western angle of the prison hospital. The wife, son and GENEROSITY passed on to the iron cot where the sick and dying man lay. The prison surgeon sat by his side noting the rise and fall of his heart as it beat against the mysterious shores of eternity.

Lorain and child, DeVoy, WIT and DESPAIR, remained near the head of the cot, where the wandering eyes of the pale invalid could not see them.

The departing rays of the sun lit up the gloom of the vaulted room, with a glow of celestial light and its genial beams streaming through the checkered iron bars, made golden squares on the stone floor, and gradually the yellow light vanished away like the remembrance of a plaintive dream. But ere the last ray had retired to its home in the western sky, Pierre Lavelle roused from his seeming stupor, looked around the room in bewildered glances, when, resting his eyes

on his faithful wife, exclaimed, "Lorain," threw his arms around the being that had so often encouraged his ambition and consoled him in the darkest vale of adversity. He pressed his son to his heart with that artistic pride that leaves behind a splendid sprout from the parent tree. The old-time smile returned, a flush came over his thin, pale face, and his large black eyes, long dilated nose, stubborn gray hair, and sweeping, artistic moustache, once more assumed the appearance of pride, art and life. His wife introduced him to a mutual friend, GENEROSITY, who never turned a deaf ear to the miseries of misfortune, nor listened to the taunts or encomiums of the common herd of mankind that rush over the cliffs of conscience and existence like a drove of chamois over Alpine mountains to the jagged rocks below. GENEROSITY grasped the hand of the dying man, exchanged a few words of sympathy and consolation, and asked the artist to tell him briefly the story of his life, that posterity might justify his action and TRUTH emblazon his fame.

The idea of securing absolute or even comparative justice, on earth, had not entered the prisoner's mind until then. With a superhuman effort he lurched almost upward on his pillow and related the following interesting story:

Forty years, to-day, on the first of November, I was born in a small back brick court, under the shadow of Notre Dame, whose thunder tone bells awakened my first recollection. My mother died in giving me birth, and the only memento I have ever

had of her sacrificing love is this small medallion of a beautiful face my father gave me on his death bed.

I was the only child, and until I was thirteen years of age, lived under the loving care of a devoted grandmother, who trained my early footsteps in the walks of purity, and instilled into my heart lessons of honesty, sobriety and truth.

My father was an ornamental sign painter and also indulged in land, marine and figure painting. He did not marry after the death of my mother, but pursued his trade with avidity, contributing to the support of his old mother and myself with unerring regularity. He lived in a small hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, while my grandmother and self continued to reside in the small house, where my eyes first beheld the light of day. The first Sunday in each month he devoted to myself and his mother, never failing to bring a bottle of wine for the tottering old dame, and a basket of fruit, cakes, candies and nuts to cheer my young heart and satisfy my appetite.

At the age of seven I was sent to the parish school, where theological students and priests imparted to me the beauties of religion, the great importance of committing my catechism to memory, and the awful sublimity of confirmation, confession and communion. It seems to me now that unless I went through these three last commands of the church that my soul would be lost, and God, my creator, would turn his back on me unless I religiously complied with the edicts of man!

But I have thought and learned, long since, that flesh, blood, bones and brain, like mine own, know as little about the maker of the sun, moon and stars as myself, and as to the bill of fare that may be presented to me beyond the grave I am as well prepared to scan and endure it as any person, prince or potentate that ever came on the stage of life to "fret and strut his little hour and then be heard no more."

I early betrayed a talent for drawing the faces of my school mates, daubing the distant landscapes on pasteboard placques and sketching the rude statues that adorned the parks, gardens and buildings of Paris. When my father visited me I displayed these youthful efforts to his astonishment and pleasure. At the age of fourteen I was apprenticed to an artist named David, who had a studio near the Louvre, and did a thriving business in portrait painting, some of the noblest men and women of the capital being his patrons. The old artist took a great pride in my welfare and often predicted, that with strict application and patient study I would become a worthy disciple of Angelo and Raphael.

I remained in his employ for a term of three years and was considered an expert in the details of my profession. I not only drew faces and figures from life, but painted land and water scape pictures in my summer rambles along the Rhine, Rhone and while climbing Swiss and Alpine mountains. I also designed and executed ideal pictures in illustrating poems from the grand old masters of antiquity.

It was my habit to rise with the sun, and saunter out into the cool pleasant parks of Paris, and feast my eyes on flowers and trees, or listen entranced to the ringing melody of bright birds. In one of my morning rambles I halted under a large flowering orange tree in the Luxumburg garden, and lost in the realms of revery, gazed vacantly at the variegated scene before me, while the orchestra of tame and wild warblers filled the air with delicious harmony.

I always carried in my pockets some grain or sweet nuts to entice the sparrows, black birds or robins to linger near and eat from my hand. This particular morning now in my mind above all others, they seemed more familiar than ever, and hopped on my head, shoulders and hands perfectly confident that I was their friend, for be it known that the most insignificant of God's animated creatures can be tamed by kindness and love, when indifference and cruelty will only elicit a scratch, sting or bite.

Just across the gravel walk under another orange tree I beheld a fresh blooming blonde, feeding birds. They were gathered about her by the score and seemed to be perfectly at ease in her society. There was one large robin red breast that would flit from my hand to that of the young lady, a kind of affinity messenger between hearts that loved at first sight. We could not help noticing the circumstance; but when the robin flew from my hand to that of the girl, who kissed the bird, I no longer hesitated in saluting the fascinating being who inspired love's young dream. She re-

sponded with a coquettish glance, and from that moment to this, Lorain, my dear wife, has been all the world to me.

Lorain was the only daughter of a silk merchant who kept a fine establishment in the Latin Quarter. Great care had been taken with her education, and in the circle in which she moved everyone acknowledged her to be an expert in dress, music, painting and poetry. Our love soon ripened into intense passion, romantic and ideal; and without her parents' knowledge we frequently met under flowering arbors, lunched at the rich cafés, attended the opera or sauntered through the fascinating haunts of the Mabile garden. Through some source, the parents discovered our infatuation, and secret meetings, and charged Lorain with duplicity and ingratitude, and peremptorily ordered her to prepare at once for a trip to the Orient.

In twenty-four hours the ship would sail from Nice and she must be ready to accompany her fond parents. Lorain seemed to acquiesce in the programme, but through her confidential dressing maid (and no wealthy girl should be without one) I received this note, next to my heart, which speaks for itself:

HOTEL DE LISLE, No. 13, 92.

MY OWN PIERRE:

My parents have discovered all. They accuse me of loving below my station, and have ordered me to sail with them to-morrow from Nice on a tour to the Orient, that may last two years.

I shall not go, and if your asseveration of love is true and lasting, meet me to-night at 8 o'clock by the

stone gate at the end of the garden, and make me yours forever. Reply to this immediately, or never look upon my face again. Yours until death,

LORAIN.

I at once scribbled off this reply :

BACK BRICK COURT, No. 3, 92.

MY OWN LORAIN :

I shall be with you at the time and place mentioned, and arrange with my parish priest to tie the the silken knot that shall bind us forever.

Eternally Yours,

PIERRE.

Promptly, as the clock in the citadel tower chimed, with its iron tongue and brazen lips, the hour of eight I was under the passion flowers at the stone gate, and Lorain fell into my arms like a truant bird into the enfolding wings of love. An hour after we were married by my parish priest. My master, David, and a few artistic friends from our club were the only witnesses of the ceremony. After the usual congratulations were extended to us, I invited the whole party, about a dozen including the young priest, to participate in a supper that my dear old grandmother had prepared in the little front parlor.

By a previous arrangement I had my father to appear at ten o'clock, for the purpose of seeing the fulfillment of my apprenticeship, not mentioning a word about my contemplated marriage. As the old wooden clock in the corner struck forth, with its slow, monotonous hammer on the anvil of time, a knock at the door aroused those at the table, and in stepped my

father, wearing a look between amazement and pleasure. I first introduced him to my wife, Lorain, next to the jolly young priest, then to my master, David, and last to the wild but genial companions with whom I had so often wandered in search of artistic subjects or indulged in the gay revels that the midnight and morning lights of Paris alone can furnish.

Of course, the contrast between the palatial nome of Lorain, and my grandmother's, was startling; yet she did not betray a sign of disappointment or regret, from that day to this. There was no "perfumed light stealing through the midst of alabaster lamps," no "air, heavy with the sigh of orange groves," but, there was good wine and confections, wit, song and story, and above all, honest upright hearts that needed not the glittering trappings of wealth, to fashion pretenders, or the wand of power to palliate the truth.

The hours flew away rapidly on the wings of love and pleasure, and it was past twelve o'clock when my generous guests retired, wishing me all the happiness that confidence could bestow in this world, where faith and love ruled over household felicity.

"Noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers."

At the small desk in my up-stairs front room, Lorain sat down before she retired and wrote.

BACK BRICK COURT, No. 3, 92.

MY DEAR FATHER:

A few hours ago I was married to Pierre Lavelle, a young artist who lives at this address,

Forgive my disobedience. I would rather die than marry your selection, the Duke Montcalm. I prefer to live a life of labor and even endure the pangs of poverty with the man I love than wear the cold jewels and gaudy purple that shine in the train of a Bourbon rouie. Your naughty, but loving daughter.

LORAIN LECROIX.

HON. CAMILE LECROIX
No. 13, Hotel DeLisle, Paris, France.

When the old proud-blooded Bourbon received this note, and read it at his breakfast table, he turned pale with grief and anger, fell from his seat to the floor, and was carried by his only son and the butler to his gorgeous room, where he lingered with a paralytic stroke for about a year, when he died and was buried in Pere le Chaise in the grand mausoleum that had sheltered the dust of the LeCroix family for ages. He never expressed a desire to see Lorain. When his will was opened it was found that his daughter had been disinherited, and her brother, Camile, made sole heir and proprietor of the immense wealth accumulated by care, prudence and economy.

The mother died of a broken heart two years after the demise of the father, and while Lorain endeavored to see the aristocratic dame before her death, the brother who had married a lady with a fortune larger than his own, manipulated matters so adroitly, that his sister never laid eyes on her mother, whose heart had been shattered by the impulsive, but natural conduct of a daughter who would not sell her body and soul to the pleas of wealth and ambition.

I established a studio in the skylight garret of my brick home, had all the orders I could fill, and was honorably mentioned and awarded medals from some of the best salons of Paris. One of my pictures, a group of dancing fawns and nymphs in the greenwood, was exhibited in the Louvre, took a prize and was finally purchased by the Duke de Beauregard.

Portraits and landscape pictures brought me a steady income, and with my wife, son and daughter we enjoyed the pleasures of this gay capital and retained the respect and love of our neighbors.

About ten years after my marriage my father and grandmother died within six months of each other and were entombed side by side in Pere le Chaise. Twelve years ago I sold out my worldly goods in the little brick court and removed to the cottage from whence you came to-day. There I erected my household gods, and expected among fruits, flowers, birds and artistic friends to spend the remainder of my life in peace and pleasure. I joined the social, political and philosophic clubs, and in time became a disciple of red hot Republicanism. In argument at the clubs I was considered a match for the best in debate, and as my heart was naturally imbued with art and liberty, I took the most advanced steps with the radicals. I did not obtrude my opinion on others, but when occasion required me to discuss the principles of truth and the nature of government, I never hid my sentiments behind the well-worn shield of policy, nor did I sacrifice the pulsations of my heart at the altar of expedience.

I would not, like most of mankind, "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning," and thereby, no doubt lost many material benefits that my subservient companions obtained.

I calculated a God from my own standpoint, not taking the dictum of proxy preachers or princes for my own conclusions. I saw in the dew, rain, brook, river, valleys and mountains, seas and stars, suns and storms, mere emblems of that Unknown Divinity that stirred within me. The creeds of pigmy men I could not harbor or entertain. The acceptance of theological truth in one century, I knew was laughed to scorn and ridiculed in the next, and the religion manufacturers of mankind were as much at variance with themselves as the deluded, thinkless followers, who sang hosannas to their cupidity, arrogance, bigotry and imagination.

I did not find one of the tinkers hammering at the cracked, cast-iron pot of religion, that could tell me a single fact beyond the tomb; and with all their boasted power and mysterious mummery—the moss-backed precedents of ages—the whole conclave put together could not make a blade of grass or save themselves from the terrible gloom of the grave.

I can only feel that—

> A moment after death my soul shall be
> Free from the cruel chains of sordid earth,
> Still floating on some wild, chaotic sea
> As 'twas the moment of its unsought birth.

Time grew on apace; the river ran in freshness

beside my cottage door; the flowers bloomed with sweetness in my little garden, and the spring birds built their nests and sang their melodious songs to greet the flashing footsteps of the dawn. Nature wore her greenest garb and her face was lit up with the sunniest smiles.

When everything seemed to speak of peace and perfection my wife rushed into my studio one bright June morning, and demanded my immediate presence in the room of our daughter. I dropped my brush, instanter, on the palette, I held before a life-size picture of Venus, which had been ordered for the private parlor of Mirabeau. The scene that met my gaze, stupified my understanding and unhinged the balance wheels of my brain. I upbraided Lorain with treachery, sin and shame, and demanded, under pain of immediate death, the author of her disgrace and ruin—the name of the social assassin who had invaded the sacred precients of my home. Between her heart-broken sobs and flowing tears she gasped out, "the Duke, Montcalm!" This was enough. I had lived on his estate four years, although he did not know that my wife was the woman who disdained to bestow upon him her heart and hand, preferring the honest love of a poor artist to the doubtful and changeable passion of an aristocratic roue. I flew to my cabinet, withdrew therefrom a brace of dueling pistols, charged them with care and precision, and rushed out into the grand old forest of the Duke Montcalm.

I was delirious with humiliation and passion, rush-

ing along the wide gravel road towards the castle, when turning a circle in the road, under a thick clump of overhanging walnuts, I beheld the Duke on his prancing palfrey, enjoying his morning ride through his rich domain. He glanced at me with an aristocratic, sardonic leer, knowing that I was one of the numerous tenants on his estate. I immediately stepped before his horse, grasped the bridle, accused him of the desolation he had brought on my household when, quick as a flash, he drew his shining side sword and aimed to cut me down, but ere his bright blade dealt the fatal blow, I raised my pistol, fired, sent a bullet through his corrupt heart and he fell a corpse at my feet.

I gazed intently into his pale face, convinced myself that he was dead, then turned away to the bustling rattle of Paris, sought the Prefect of police, told him the facts and was locked up to await indictment and trial.

When the craunching and clanking sound of the prison gate sounded in my ear for the first time, I felt a sense of peace and consolation; peace, that I was out of the reach of the vultures of society, and consolation that I had been the instrument of nature to wipe from the face of the earth, a prowling tiger, who had no doubt desolated many homes before mine had been invaded. The papers of Paris were filled with long and lying accounts of what they termed a dastard assassination. The reporters and editors vied with each other in giving detailed accounts of the so-

called murder, although they had not the slightest personal knowledge of the causes that led to the just retribution or taking off of a prowling, social hyena. But it is often the case that those who know the least of anything arrogate to themselves most information, and make up in pompous pretences what they lack in principle and truth. While professing to be your friend in prosperity they are secretly trimming their sails to glide away when adverse gales beset you. You elbow these hypocrites daily.

I was duly indicted for murder in the first degree, and arraigned before a jury of my so-called peers. The judge who presided at the trial had the form of a burgomaster, the eye of an Oriental owl, the face of a full moon, and a voice like the grunt of a wild boar.

The lawyers for the prosecution, and the crown counsellors were rigged out in elaborate costumes, and had tomes of legal lies piled up before them, as if the fate of France hung trembling in the scales of justice. I was promptly placed in the dock. The judge asked if I had any counsel. I replied in the negative, stating that what little money I had saved from honest toil, must go to the support of my family, instead of filling the fat pockets of prosperous lawyers, who grow rich and haughty by the foolish credulity, contention and crimes of mankind; a class of cormorants that live on the misfortunes of poor human nature.

I was then asked to plead to the indictment, charging me with the murder of the Duke Montcalm. I rose and made a statement of the whole case to the

jury, saying if they considered it murder to kill a wolf, who had invaded the virtuous precincts of their homes, then I was guilty of the charge.

The attorney general made a long speech in reply, trying to show that I was one of the worst men that ever lived, and that the Duke was a perfect saint.

The judge read a list of long, weighty instructions to the jury in a slow, harsh, monotonous tone, rounding up his great legal lore, with the awful, sage remark, that if I was innocent they should return a verdict of "not guilty," and if I was guilty, they should return a verdict of "guilty."

The ladies and gentlemen in the body of the court room, as well as those spectators in the gallery, and the members of the bar, murmured a cheer for the great wisdom of the judge's charge, when his honor, reluctantly no doubt, ordered the bailiff to preserve "silence in the court," and check the enthusiasm his instructions had caused. I could not for my life see any great wisdom and force in the charge of the judge, except the temporary power he held over the misery of one of his fellow men.

The jury retired, as usual, remained absent an hour, when they returned with a verdict of "guilty," but at the same time recommended me to the mercy of the court and the clemency of the crown, owing to certain justifiable and mitigating circumstances connected with the case.

I was remanded to prison for ten days until the court and crown considered the expediency of sending

me to prison for life or to the guillotine for eternity. The death verdict was finally set aside, and I was called up to be sentenced for life at hard labor.

The judge asked me what I had to say before the sentence of the court was pronounced.

I arose, the central object of all eyes in that crowded court; and feeling in my heart of hearts that I had only performed a just act, spoke as follows:

Your honor, I have nothing to say that will change the conclusions of the court and crown. A jackal came prowling about my home and I killed him, and under like circumstances I would be delighted to slay a thousand of such midnight prowlers and leave their corrupt carcasses to fester and bleach on the hillsides of France.

I stand here to-day, strong and bold in conscious innocence, and instead of receiving the rebuke of society, I should be released, awarded praise and the highest commendation for my heroic act. My heart was actuated by the noble impulse that nerved Winkelreid, when he opened a breach for the liberty of his country, or by that lofty courage that inspired Socrates when he drank the hemlock to the immortality of the soul.

For myself, I have no fear of any punishment on earth, yet, in behalf of my past good character, this being the first suspicion of guilt that ever darkened my life, and in consideration of the support I owe my wife and children, I ask that magnanimity at this bar of justice, that would be reasonably claimed by your-

self under like circumstances. A few short years will sepulchre the living of to-day with the dead of yesterday, and the celestial sunlight of to-morrow will bring us all to the bar of omnipotence, where the judge, jury, lawyer and client will meet upon the level of eternity and part upon the square of final judgment. Then all hearts will be laid bare and truth will rise in magnificent triumph.

The blood of conscious innocence flows free and unruffled through this frame, and the terrors that surround the victims of designed crime, find no lodgment in my heart.

The walls that hemmed in Galileo, Columbus and Tasso did not measure the minds of the men. It is true, their bodies suffered some torture but the proud spirits that rose in their hearts, leaped the bounds of clay and soared away into the illimitable regions of science and poetry. Humble as I am in the walks of life, my soul is inspired by their illustrious example; and it shall be my future endeavor to show the world that although I may suffer for a time the penalty of outraged passion and nature, yet, like a mountain crag, I shall breast the pelting storms of life, lift my head, clear and bold to the coming sunshine of Truth and celestial redemption.

At the conclusion of my defence I was immediately sentenced for life to the gloomy surroundings of this prison; and now you see me wasting away with mental anxiety and consumption, the victim of my own des-

peration, the destroyer of the dastard duke, but the defender of virtue and my deluded daughter, Lorain.

At the mention of Lorain, she flew to the bed side of her father, grasped his hand and exclaimed, "father, forgive me." The dying man sunk back on his pillow, opened his large black eyes, glanced about the room with a vacant, lunatic stare, involuntarily placed his right hand on the head of his daughter and with his last gasp, finally whispered, " forgiven," and then Pierre Lavelle was dead.

He ceased and sank into the gloom of night,
And left behind no ray of cheering light,
While all his conversation did but seem
The vestige of a vain and vanished dream.

CHAPTER X.

LONDON, ITS GUILT AND GLORY.

GENEROSITY. Well, my waggish WIT, it is proper that we fly away on the wings of thought, and leave our attachment, DESPAIR, to pine and mourn with the French family, who are really, the victims of thoughtlessness, indiscretion and passion. I, myself, have been prone through all the ages, to commit, unintentionally, many outlandish acts, for which I have suffered uncomplainingly. My "friends" and neighbors, would often look askant at my, seemingly, wayward course and deplore the conduct that gossips dished up for their edification. But I knew, as I have said before, when my impulsive acts, night and day were compared with their own politic secretiveness, a large credit mark would be placed opposite my name by the recording angel, who knows all hearts, and that their plastic, bated-breath propriety, would be set down under the heading of discreet hypocrisy.

I once loved a beautiful girl myself. How I'd fondle, and tangle my hands in her hair. Her name was Janette, and a poetic gentlemen named Miles O'Reilly " across the water, wrote these loves line to her memory :

Oh! loosen the snood that you wear, Janette,
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet,
For the world to me has no daintier sight
Than your brown hair veiling your shoulders white,
As I tangled a hand in your hair, my pet.

It was brown with a golden gloss, Janette,
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;
Twas a beautiful mist falling down to your wrist;
Twas a thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed;
Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

My arm was the arm of a clown, Janette,
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet,
But warmly and softly, it loved to caress
Your round white neck and your wealth of tress;
Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Your eyes had a swimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, dear story, my pet;
They were gray with that chastened tinge of the sky
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly;
And they matched with your golden hair, my pet.

Your lips, but I have no words, Janette,
Were fresh as the twitter of birds, my pet;
When the spring is young and the roses are wet
With dew drops in each red bosom set,
And they suited your gold brown hair, my pet.

Oh! you tangled my life in your hair, Janette;
Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did implore
The right to continue your slave evermore
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette,
With your lips and your eyes and your hair, my pet;
In the darkness of desolate years I moan
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

* 8 * * * * * *

Ah! how the evening air expands my wings, invigorates my heart, the smell of this narrow salt sea, evaporates for my pleasure. Look how the rolling, verdant waves sparkle under the luminous footsteps of the rising moon, and answers back the screech of the wild sea mew; how the gathering, shifting clouds, bright and black, mirror themselves in the troubled features of the sounding sea; and the concave, universal sky ushers forth its myriad of stars as altar candles around the throne of the great Jehovah!

Listen to the roar of the troubled channel as it lashes the sides of these chalk cliffs that have withstood the rage of old ocean since the dawn of creation. Away, over rolling hills, green meadows and silver streams, to that murmuring multitude of human mayflies, who have buzzed their way all over the world and planted their standard of trade, language and liberty wherever man could be found. All nations have heard the conquering footsteps of old Albion, and while her brutality has often disgraced the civilization of the age, her sway has, in the long run, advanced the arts and sciences, propelled forward the lazy car of progress, and lifted nations of barbarians up to the plane of Christian charity.

Hark! methinks I can hear the voice of TRUTH and LOVE discoursing amid these crowded streets below; and as the yellow glare of corner lamps emit an aroma not of Araby, I can yet discern through clouds of smoke, the various haunts of virtue, vanity and vice. Here, once more, on the crumbling arches of London

bridge, we will follow in the wake of the jostling throng, see, hear and feel what the hearts of men and women conjure up and promulgate.

TRUTH. Ah! my dear GENEROSITY, we've met again. You must have have had some strange experiences since last we met. Where are your companions, WIT and DESPAIR?

GENEROSITY. Here comes WIT through the crowd, wearing his cap and bells as usual, trying to make a fool of himself for the edification of the unthinking rabble, but it is a severe task, as the more he attempts to act the fool the more is his failure apparent to the wise. He knows full well that the philosopher, who can disguise his own real thoughts behind a misty haze of unmeaning words, will finally "work" those who take him for a fool, and accomplish by indirection what he could not do by direct assault.

I left DESPAIR at the bedside of death in a prison in Paris, bewailing with a French family, that had been brought to disgrace and ruin by the sin of disobedience and unbridled passion.

TRUTH. My own sweet LOVE, now have you fared since we last met on the towering heights of mount Olympus?

LOVE. With my companions, HOPE and sardonic HATE, I lingered a few days at Constantinople, sailed on the sea of Marmora, rode in the Sultan's galley through the Golden Horn, visited the grand mosques, listen to the Muezzin call the hour of prayer from the tapering towers and minarets and feasted in sump-

tuous style at the royal harem. I soon tired of the languor, jealousy and brutality that prevailed over everything, from the poor home of the peasant to the pinnacled palace of the prince. The dark spots on the soul of these Orientals, and their daily life of idleness and passion, guarantee a sure decay of the kingdom; and like the small pox, black vomit and cholera, when once allowed to spread, never fail to obliterate the objects of their attack. A few years will erase from the earth the memory of these torrid Turks, and some northern nation, with the vitality of the frozen zone, will sweep over their plains and mountains, leaving their fields and cities in ruin and ashes, and their marble shrines of worship, heaps of undistinguished rubbish, where night birds, reptiles and prowling beasts shall be the only living objects to croak, hiss and howl over the dead remains of the empire. After leaving Constantinople, I remained a few days at Moscow, the ancient capital of the Muscovites, a line of wild freebooters, and the coronation city of the Czars. The memorials of Ivan the Terrible, Paul the Insane, Peter the Great, and Catherine the Passionate, are seen on every turn; yet the advancement, in real civilization and genuine liberty, of the scattered hordes of Russia, along the pathway of a thousand years, has been slow, uncertain and unavailing to the great masses, who are still but ignorant boors, shouldering the burdens of life for a few reigning families, whose ancestors secured dominion by the torch, lance, cleaver and bullet, and conquered like any other band of rob-

bers, that had the brutal power to murder their fellow men.

I reined up my steeds of my imagination on the bleak and sterile mountains of Siberia, after a flight of five thousand miles over snowy plains and interminable forests. Scattered over thousands of miles you behold small towns, filled with imprisoned exiles, doomed to long years of dreary, cruel labor, or a life of banishment, for no other reason than that of rebelling against the outrageous exactions and persecutions that bloated tyranny inaugurates.

Here, you see men and women of education from Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other cities of the Russian empire, driven together into the deep, dark mines of the Ural mountains, delving night and day for iron, copper, silver, gold and diamonds. These unfortunate people were once enjoying the luxuries that wealth and power commanded, and many of them were borne on the rolls of the nobility, serving in the navy, army or civil lists of the empire. But, for some reason, they were suspected of conspiring against the powers of State, in the interest of a broader liberty: and it is a well known fact that a person once suspected in Russia by the Argus-eyed police, might as well deliver himself up to imprisonment or exile, for the judiciary of of that unlimited monarchy is but the mouthpiece of the Czar, and the pliant tool of state officials.

The path of progress, however, cannot be always impeded by the boulders that tyrants tumble into the road; and while it rises and sinks like a mountain

highway, it steadily tends to the top, and sooner or later reaches the highest point in the peak, where the weary traveler can look back with pride and supreme satisfaction over the winding declivities he has scaled to the heights of Freedom.

The knout, the prison, exile and the scaffold will continue for many years yet to punctuate the policy of Russian monarchs towards their suffering subjects: but as sure as the sun shines and eternal justice reigns, these instruments of tyranny shall be but the stepping stones to the tall temple of Liberty, and the altars around which the martyrs of Freedom swing the incense of patriotism and truth.

I dropped in at the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg, where suspicion, fear and remorse kill sleep, appetite and pleasure. Here you find brutality and tyranny wrapped in furs and feeding on the wages of misfortune and crime. Bloated and swelling, like the toad, but with extension and distention, approaching that sure collapse and disintegration always following pride and excess.

I ordered HOPE to remain for a season with the Czar Hate, thinking that some light of truth and justice might flash across his mind, and induce him to lift the yoke off the necks of millions of Russian oxen.

TRUTH. I, too, have had a sad and checkered experience. I stopped, in my wanderings, a short time to view the ancient city of Nazer, buried millions of years ago for the sin of ingratitude, and I was so pestered with your sister, ENVY, and my half-brother,

HYPOCRISY, that I winked at my master, FATE, who buried them beneath an ocean of impalpable dust.

In this great city I expect to find better things, where pride and selfishness keep in the background, and modest worth receives the honor of the State. Eighteen hundred years ago, I stood on the site of this bridge as the slow current of the sluggish stream ran amid the virgin meadows and forests to the sea.

The Roman, the Pict, the Celt, the Saxon, the Dane and the Norman have swept in turn over these hills, vales and streams in search of booty, beauty and glory. Perhaps there is no spot on the earth of the same dimensions, that has suffered from the ravages of man in his eternal search for gold and power, more than the islands of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, the wild Britons inhabited these vales and hills, thrown up by the sea in one of its subterranean convulsions. These people were savage and cruel, like all the forest denizens of the world. They were clad in the skins of wild beasts, and secured their food from the stream, forest and air. They were divided into fifty or more tribes, each band having a chief who led them in their continual raids of robbery and murder. Their huts were along the streams or in the depths of dark forests, and their faces were painted with red earth to give them a more ghastly hue and savage appearance.

A species of sharp and lazy preacher sprung up among these rude creatures and started a new religion—

a thing to cajole the weak and terrorize the strong. They called themselves Druids, and taught that it was the proper thing to bow down and worship the sun, moon and stars, serpents, sticks and great stones, and for a real downright compliment and sacrifice to God, they would occasionally fit up a large wicker cage, fill it with human beings and other animals, and then when the mistletoe bloomed on the oak, in the bleak winter time, they would fire the cage in one of their so-called sacred groves, and amid the cries and lamentations of these poor victims, offer up long and loud prayers to appease the wrath of an Unknown God.

The priests and preachers of to-day are not so blunt in their sacrifices; yet they know just as much of the God they profess to teach, as the ancient Druids, who carried around enchanters wands and wore about their necks serpentine eggs to intimidate their devotees. These temples, towers and spires pointing to the stars to-night are but the emblems of man's vanity, and yon ancient abbey, containing the advertised corruptions of the past, but a mausoleum milestone of egotism and royal iniquity.

Look at this rich, beautiful, high-walled house, at the head of the street, near the bank. Here once lived "Old Benevolence." He was known to the community as a patriot and a mild, good man. His birthright was not distinctly defined, and it was said that his youth was spent in a haphazard way, between the vale of starvation and the hill top of the shabby-genteel. His age was over fifty. He wore scant

hair, a fishy, grayish eye, a long crooked nose over a beaming, oily face, and a voice that swung between lower bass and high falsetto.

"Old Benevolence" learned the trade of a printer, and in time became a scribbler for the London press. He would go to all kinds of places for information; take risks when he was sure of no danger, and had the faculty of reaping glory and gold at the expense of his acquaintances, and so called friends. He was popular with the unthinking rabble, and "faded ladies," who are ever ready to pick up any blatent, loud-mouthed fraud, showing a little more cheek and gall than themselves. He was finally elected to parliament by a "scratch vote," and by some "hook or crook" managed to impress his colleagues with the force of his genius, or, what is much better, impudent audacity. He married the only daughter of a Manchester weaver, settled at the West end, kept open house, joined the clubs, drove four-in-hand through the parks with belles and beaux, attended theaters and operas in swell suits, toadied around royalty, and by a system of lobby and legislative trickery, became rich, arrogant and domineering, like all beggars on horseback.

But there were many in the roaring crowd of vanity fair who knew that he made his money by secret, fraudulent means, and that while posing at May Fair and the Derby, his cowardly soul balanced between the gloomy walls of Newgate and Portland, and the tight rope at Tyburn. To see him around business offices and among his social chums, you would think a

more noble or charitable man could not be found. Yet, at home, it was known by the unfortunate few, that he cajoled his cook, blustered at his butler, cheated and worried his coachman, ground down the wages of his gardener and tyrannized over his miserable family. The children slunk away when they heard his footsteps night or day ; his poor, tortured wife, wished him, in her heart of hearts, a thousand times a day in Davy Jones' locker. A black shadow of social fear fell over his own mansion when he entered it, and the sunlight glinted when he departed.

The more he robbed according to custom and law, the more greedy he became, until at last the eye and tongue of detection began to see and tell of his immoral escapades.

He was a silent partner in the general brokerage house of A. Spider & Co. They bought and sold all kinds of stocks, grains and values.

" Old Benevolence " had a large number of club and other friends to whom he gave " pointers," on the prospective rise and fall of stocks. They followed him like an oracle, and put their cash up at the house of A. Spider & Co., feeling assured that it was " all right.' He would put up his own cash side by side with the best of them, and when they lost, as was the case eight times out of ten, he took his loss with a cynical smile, while his " friends " turned away with a growl to the clubs, and smothered their grief in the wine cup.

But were you around the brokers' office at the night of the last of each month, you might behold " Old

Benevolence," receiving back what he had lost, and also his *pro rata* share of the profits swindled out of green goslings, who are roped in by shrewd "cappers" like "O. B."

Towards the end of his life, fear took hold of the "whited sepulchre," and he began to seek out means to mollify the growing suspicion and latent anger of the community. It was announced in the *Times* that "Old Benevolence" was about to erect a home and hospital for working girls, and that he had already given ten thousand pounds to endow a chair of theology at Oxford. He also gave five thousand pounds for the erection of a drinking fountain for man and beast at the end of Rotten Row, and to cap the climax, gave in one lump a hundred thousand pounds to erect an equestrian allegorical statue in front of the House of Commons; "Britain" crossing the Atlantic in one stride, with sword and trident, impaling the American eagle on her mountain crag.

However, the more he appropriated of the money filched from the pockets of the people by chicanery, the more they asked how did this man get it? There was but one answer, he had no visible means of material support, except his earnings as a legislator. So the great and good mass of the overburdened asses finally made up their minds that he must have saved his salary, in the long and weary years he had labored for their interest!

And, thus, "Old Benevolence" has gone on from that day to this, in every land and clime, stealing mil-

lions from the oppressed people with his right hand, and paying them back in paltry driblets with his left. You can see him now in every city of the world, playing the polished, oily sanctimonious hypocrite; himself and his scheming chums, laughing in their sleeves at midnight game and banquet boards, at the credulity of the sheep they have sheared, the geese they have plucked and the calves they have skinned.

Hark! the clock in the tall tower has just struck one; its sonorous, ponderous tongue reverberating over the sleeping city like the wail of a lost angel. What a time for contemplation! These crooked streets, stores, taverns, clubs and homes now almost silent of human life, a few hours since were teeming with the chatter of shop-keepers, the music of strolling bands and theatrical orchestras, the story and songs of club men, the rattle of the dice box; the maudlin argument of the drunkard, the sneaking footsteps of the robber and the sharp shot of the assassin as he flew away from the precinct of his fallen victim,

Those poor creatures that now make their beds in doorways, cellars, under carts, or in store boxes, are endeavoring to rest their weary hearts on the lower round of the human ladder, and are far more miserable than the inmates of Newgate or Portland, who at least have shelter and food provided by the State They have known happier days, and if you will only listen to their tale of woe your heart, although hard and proud, may melt at the recital of their misfortunes.

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see,
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

* * * * * *

Ah sir, said the poor wretch, Dan Derange, who quoted this couplet, if you only knew what I have suffered for my friends and country, you would have more charity for my ragged, forlorn and partially inebriated condition.

TRUTH. Tell me your history.

I was born on the estate of Lord Lucan, near Manchester, my father being an old retired soldier, the game-keeper and general manager of the domain. I was an only son and had but one sister, "Bet" two years younger than myself. We went to the parish school and passed through the rudiments of a good English education. At the age of seventeen I was sent by the influence of Lord Lucan to Oxford, where I soon took a stand as a boy of rare "genius." That's what they said about me, although I have since learned to my sad experience, that a "genius" is another man's amusing fool, his own worst enemy, fed by the flattering food of inordinate vanity and a probable subject for suicide and the potter's field.

At the age of twenty-one I took the degree of A. B. and M. A., secured a premium of twenty pounds for excellence in elocution, and carried away the gold medal for poetry, even in a class of thirty-three. My schoolmates and the professors predicted for me a career of great renown, and whether I should pursue the pro-

fession of medicine, divinity or law, was the only quandary with my father and Lord Lucan my patron and friend.

For myself to tell the truth, I did not wish to enter into any of these pursuits, although I had a predeliction for the law, knowing as I did that, that profession was the one, above all others, that prospered at the expense of contention, jealousy hate and misfortune, and I knew that these elements were prevalent and almost universal in the ranks of mankind. Yet after all, I said to my own soul, Dan, whatever you do or whatever you may become, don't play the civil or sanctimonious hypocrite. You will not succeed in a "respectable" or financial way as others see it, but you can at least respect your own failings, because they are of the blood and as honest as nature.

After roaming about among neighboring friends for a year, keeping up the convivial habits I contracted in college and getting into a few scrapes and brawls around the ale-houses, taverns and clubs of London, I finally in a fit of remorse and almost despair enlisted in the "Blues," and was shipped off with the regiment to Bombay and Calcutta, India.

I wrote the following to my dear, old, indulgent father, who thought that the sun rose and set around my wandering footsteps, and that even the position of prime minister would not be too great for a man of my "genius" to occupy and adorn:

"Your wayward and erratic son has this day enlisted in the 'Blues' and ere this note reaches you I will be

on the bounding billows of the ocean, for Bombay, India. Forgive this rash act, give my best friendship to Lord Lucan and my everlasting love to my sweet sister "Bet;" and over my mother's grave plant, at once, the inclosed white rose root that it may bloom and exhale its sweetness towards her home in heaven, and also be a slight remembrance of the love of your wayward son, DAN."

For the term of nearly five years, I marched, camped and fought from the sea to the plains, jungles and mountains of India, with both man and beast. My rashness and hair-breadth escapes was the common talk of the regiment and brigade; and even my perilous and peculiar deeds found praise in public orders, and I was awarded medals for gallantry by the hand of vice royalty itself. Promotion came in regular continuous grades, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, and finally a captaincy for meritorious gallantry at the ford of the upper Ganges, when I was the first man to cross the river in face of the enemy, tie a rope to a tree and make it feasible to ferry over the artillery on rafts. At this fight I was shot in the left upper arm, and lay in hospital a month. When I recovered, I took command of my company and participated in the storming of a fort near Lucknow. Here I was shot in the right leg below the knee and was again laid up in hospital for two months.

As soon as I could travel I requested to be sent to my regiment, serving near the head waters of the Indus and within the plague district bordering on the Ganges. It was said to be sure death to venture in-

side the plague range, and those who had the misfortune to be stationed in those terrible regions of death were left without succor by those even of their comrades, who fled from the scourge at the first simoon of the black disease, and barely escaped the sorrowful fate that beset thousands of the bravest British soldiers.

I was dissuaded from going by the hospital surgeon, and even the commander of the district at Delhi forbade anyone from coming out or going into the plague country, a very charnel house of death. But, the very danger and the forbidding orders were enough to induce me to try and make my way to my own command at all hazards. Through the connivance of an old official friend, I finally secured the privilege of carrying dispatches to the commander of the garrison, in the plague district. I procured a fine, fleet horse, secured ten days cooked provisions, strapped it to my noble steed, and as the sun rose over the Oriental spires of Delhi, I rode away, alone, on my perilous journey to the land of death.

Through field, and valleys, over hills and streams, forest and jungle, I kept my course, and after twelve days of the most excruciating hardship in sun, rain, wind and sand storm, I drew up at the headquarters of the garrison, where the cross of St. George and the Union Jack floated from the large government house, surrounded by long barracks, that had more the appearance of mammoth coffins than habitations of living men.

At this same place in the past, Clive, Lovelace,

Havelock, Cartigan, Hastings, Hamilton, Peel, Raglan, Ripon and a long line of civil and military men of England, wrought out the conquest of India, through the real heroes of the army, and molded a land of heathens and pagans into the lights and highways of Christianity.

The commander of the garrison was delighted, and yet surprised to see me. But when I delivered my dispatches and he read them, a flush of pride came over his weather-beaten face and he extended his hand to welcome me to the feast of death that was being enacted that very day under the rafters of the long and broad cavelry school adjacent to the fort. An orderly put up my horse, and as the sun was dipping behind the Himalaya mountains, flooding the vale of Cashmere with its torrid rays, I was ushered into the cavalry building where I beheld a sight that would chill and freeze a heart even stronger and more desperate than my own. Gathered about an oblong, half circle table sat in ghost-like array, nearly a thousand men, the remnant of a division of ten thousand that had passed over the river of time by the unerring weapon of the .black plague. The table was loaded down with all kinds of good army provisions, and even vegetables from the garrison gardens were plentiful. At each man's plate was placed a bottle of brandy, a bottle of porter, a bottle of ale and a stone jug of water. I took a seat on the left of the commander, after he had introduced me to the assembled soldiers. There were but a few of

"Blues" that I recognized, the most of the men being of other regiments, who had thus far escaped the scythe of the great destroyer.

The General read to them the dispatches I had brought him from Delhi. It was enough to blot out all hope of aid from the rear and convince all present that the angel of despair had settled over them with his black wings, never more to permit a ray of hope to enter their souls.

The dispatch said, General: The Bearer Captain Dan Derange, has sacrificed his own life, in communicating from me to you the sad but fearful intelligence that you and your men cannot be relieved from duty at your present post, and you must hurrah for the flag of Old Albion, and die like men!

Signed, HOWARD,
Governor of India.

A loud cheer rang through the building, and the walls and rafters seemed to echo back the laughing wail of these patriotic men.

When the cheering ceased, the General requested Captain Dowling, a gallent officer and brilliant poet, to sing a song and he immediately improvised.

THE SONG OF THE DYING.

It ran, as I remember, as follows, and is the most appropriate song that has ever been composed under all the circumstances surrounding a death feast.

We meet, 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;

As they echo the peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there;
But stand to your glasses, steady,
We drink to our comrades eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others,
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! Ha! let those think of mothers
Who hope to see them again.
No, stand to your glasses, steady,
The thoughtless are here the wise.
A cup to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a cheek that's sunk,
But soon, though our hearts are breaking
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk;
So stand to your glasses, steady,
'Tis here the revival lies.
A mug to the dead already
And hurrah for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more;
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady
This world is a world of lies.
A cup for the dead already
Hurrah for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest has gone before us
And the dullest remain behind;

Stand, stand to your glasses, steady
'Tis all we have left to prize,
A cup to the dead already
And hurrah for the next that dies.

As the last notes of this heroic song died away the men sank in their seats, and scores of them seemed to be taken with the cramps and unusual contortions, their faces turning as black as ink, their eyes glaring in wild delirium and sinking in the arms of death, where they sat. As soon as a man breathed his last the surgeon and hospital corps were ready to carry him out to the long deep pit where he was laid away for ever without ceremony.

The banquet lasted three days after my arrival, and when I departed, there were only three living mortals left out of the whole garrison that originally comprised ten thousand men. And the fate of this garrison was only a counterpart of others through India. Why I was saved I know not, unless it was that as I finished one bottle of brandy I called for another, and in the three days I must have consumed thirty bottles in my utter recklessness, and defiance of death. While he shook his bony fingers at me in the cold, pale and black visages of my companions, I laughed at his butcheries and scorned his momentary mercy.

Surgeon Howard, of the Buffs, Corporal Trigg, of the Artillery, and Sergeant Nelson, of the Dragoons, accompanied me in my return to Delhi. As we turned our backs on the desolated buildings with a train of starving, wailing dogs at our heels, and clumps of dead

horses everywhere, with the British flag lazily flapping in the warm wind over the moldering remains of our gallant comrades, our hearts sunk within us. As we took a last long and lingering look at the melancholy scene, we beheld in each other's eyes the streaming language of tears, eloquent with the remembrance of what might have been.

We had only been on the road one day, when the surgeon, all of a sudden, turned black, fell off his horse and died with a faint groan. Two days later the sergeant died, and the day before I arrived at the capital, the poor corporal, while taking our morning rations at a spring by the wayside, began to shiver, extended his hand, said "good-bye," and died.

When I reported to headquarters the fate of the devoted garrison, there was consternation in the city; and a loud wail went up from the well-spring of British hearts, that even to this day can be heard echoing through the ranks of the brave and true who die at their post of duty rather than desert country, home and honor.

I was the lion of Delhi for weeks and months, and although but a nucleus of my regiment remained, I wished to wait for its recruiting season. I was given a commission to fill up the depleted ranks. But my old major, Kelly by name, was terribly affronted at my taking the glory away from himself. One night in a drinking bout, I upbraided the major for sneaking away from our command when the plague began, although he claimed to have orders to report at the capital for

some purpose. In the quarrel he drew a knife, rushed at me like a tiger, but ere he could do his murderous work, I sent a bullet through his brain and landed him on the shores of eternity.

I was arrested, tried by court martial for murder, and condemned to be shot. The major was of a very influential family, and the general commanding the district, was his distant relative. I had no one, as I thought, to speak in my behalf, and so my trial was short, sharp and decisive. However my sad condemnation was brought to the ears of the crown by Lord Lucan, my old Manchester patron; and after a deal of red tape and a hunt for my record as a brave soldier, my sentence was commuted to one year's work on the fortifications with ball and chain, and then dismissal from the service. This was not quite as bad as being shot down like a dog, for killing a coward in self-defense; but really the humiliation of attaching a ball and chain to my leg and working me before the public in that plight was a daily death to my innate pride, and I can assure you, that a shot through the heart on the field of battle would have been a thousand fold preferable.

My year of penal servitude expired in due course and I was turned out into the world almost naked and penniless. I drifted down to Bombay by easy stages, working my way through the harvest fields, and doing what I could to procure food and shelter. In the course of a few weeks I arrived in the city, and found about the taverns and ale-houses some of the men who

had been with me in the "Blues." They had served out their time and like all adventurers were spending their back pay like lords, not caring what to-morrow might bring forth, knowing that when all else failed, they could ship as common sailors or re-enlist as veteran soldiers.

The few pounds I had in my pocket were soon spent vieing with old comrades in the vain effort of keeping up a bold, liberal front in the shadow of impecuniosity and the gloom of despair. If you have ever been in a foreign land without a penny in your pocket or a real friend, you may imagine my situation and sympathize with my misfortunes.

One morning as the rays of the hot sun rose over the shambling shanties and pretentious mansions of Bombay I strolled down to the docks, where ships and flags of all nations floated on the bounding swells of the Arabian sea, thrown on the shore from the rolling billows of the Indian ocean.

I was dry, hungry and sad, and gazing along the harbor for some outlet to my misery, I beheld a fine ship flying the Union Jack, and seemingly anxious, from the flap of her sails to escape from her moorings and swing away into her natural element. I rushed up the gang-plank, and enquired for the officer on duty. The first mate came to the forecastle and inquired my business and desire. I told him truly, in short terms, my condition and offered myself as a common sailor to perform any duty that he might require. He turned about for a few moments, consulted with

another officer and ordered me to come aboard. I did so, and soon after signed some kind of a contract and was then assigned to a mess of three other men where I found plenty of food, and was shown to a berth where I might repose when off duty

The ship was freighted with tea, spices, gold, silver and rare jewels from the rich mines of India. It was bound for London, had but five passengers and twenty-five of a crew, thirty human beings in all, including myself. In the evening a sharp wind blew from the shore, the tide arose with imperceptible, mammoth volume, and as the stars shone out in myriad battalions, we slipped our cable, hoisted our anchor and amid the laboring sound of pulleys, tackles, ropes and shifting sails, commingled with the rhythmic voices of old Jack Tars, we bore away to the rolling waves of the Indian ocean and the Mediterranean.

We were only three days out when my bad luck began again. The second mate, who was a natural brute, and ignorant of all things save those included in seafaring life, took a particular aversion to me. Perhaps the cause was my superiority in telling a story, when off duty, reciting a poem, or singing a song, neither of which he could do. At least I felt his enmity on all occasions when he happened to command my watch. The night of the third day, before dawn I was called on watch, and as I did double duty the evening before in a sharp gale, I was tired and slow in getting out of my bunk. When I came on deck, he gave a growling curse like the roar of a hun-

gry bear, and at the same time knocked me with his fist against the foremast and almost tumbled me down the hatchway, all in the presence of my mess-mates. This was too much for my British blood. I arose as soon as my dizzy condition would permit, grabbed a a convenient marlin spike and gave him a blow over the head and shoulder that sent him spinning and sprawling on the slippery deck.

The captain happened to be passing, and by his orders I was put in irons, rushed below into a black hole where I remained without food, water or light, for twenty-four hours. The trap to this airless hole was finally opened and more dead than alive I was taken to the main mast, where a brute was ordered to tie me up and give me thirty-nine lashes on the bare back for mutiny.

The sun like a ball of fire was rising out of its ocean bath, the sea gulls were wheeling their flight in mid air, the stormy petrels were rocking on the foamy waves, the porpoises were showing their shining backs in sportive mood through their liquid world, and all nature seemed to be at peace and rest but me.

As the whiz of the lash warned me of the impending blow, I shuddered at the thought of my deep humiliation and shame; but only three of the thirty-nine lashes had scarred my back, when the man aloft shouted "ship a-hoy!" and soon after a black hull bearing a black flag flew towards us, and a cannon shot from the pirate vessel brought about the crew of the "Lady Jane," who surrendered at will, without a fight,

to the wild marauders of the sea. Bearded, booted, armed with pistols and cutlasses, the pirates at the prompt orders of their chief grappled the merchantman, rushed aboard, collared the captain and purser and demanded the keys of the treasure box.

Such a trembling lot of cowardly officers and men I never saw. The fellow who had the lash raised over me fainted from absolute fright and I can say, I hope without egotism, that I was the only man of the crew perfectly indifferent and fearless of the well-known consequence of being captured on the high seas by a band of robbing and murdering pirates. On general principles there is only one fate left to the victims of piracy and that is to "walk the plank."

Inside of twenty minutes the pirates had secured all the portable valuables and transferred them to to their sharp, rakish cruiser A plank was then launched over the stern of the "Lady Jane," secured and fastened tightly to the guards, and one by one, down to the captain, who went last, the twenty-nine men were forced at the point of cutlasses to walk over the extended plank, and drop forever into the hungry arms of the surging sea.

A party of the pirates with axes then rushed up to the hatchway where I was still tied and bleeding from the recent blows of the lash. They drew up with great astonishment at my situation. A dozen of them went below to scuttle the ship while the chief demanded my name, nation, and the cause of my predicament. I told him in very brief language, all. He

ordered another party to lower the long-boat at once, fill it with provisions and water, and throw in a few pieces of bed clothes and sail, and a couple of oars, all of which was done in five minutes. I was then untied, rushed overboard into the boat, thrown a handful of gold coins and pushed away, alone on the wide, wide sea, left to the mercy of the wind and waves. As I slowly drifted away from the ill fated "Lady Jane" I could see her settle and lurch between the rolling billows; and as the bright sun swept over the sea in all his glory, its rays seemed to linger brighter than ever on the glittering folds of the Union Jack as it sank in the waves to rise no more. All I could see of the pirate ship was a black speck in the distant horizon, flitting away to the south like a hungry vulture in pursuit of prey.

As soon as I could collect my thoughts, recover from my dazed condition and take in the situation, I set about to ease the pain that the lash had inflicted. Bathing my back with water and rubbing on some olive oil that I fortunately found among the provisions the pirates had tumbled into the boat; I soon felt relief and realized the whole enormity of the recent events as well as the providential circumstances that had evidently saved my life, the only survivor of that whole crew who went down to death through the cupidity and and cruelty of their fellow men.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

You can see that there is a divinity somewhere that molds every mortal life and it is no use trying to force any particular pleasure or evade any impending pain. All we can do is to live right along, try for the best, be not elated by fleeting joy nor depressed by corroding sorrow. I am sure that my forlorn and humiliating situation, tied to the mast and bleeding for striking a tyrant who cruelly abused me, was the real cause of finding mercy, even in the black heart and eyes of the pirate chief, who wrought justice at least in my case, whatever may be thought of his forcing the captain and crew to "walk the plank."

For seven days and nights I was buffeted about by every breeze without seeing a sail or sighting land. My provisions were exhausted and the small keg of water had been emptied for two days. I was nearly crazed with thirst and were it not for occasional heavy showers, partly caught in the open keg and a spread piece of sail, I should surely have expired in the boat or thrown myself into the sea in a fit of insane desperation.

On the evening of the seventh day I could clearly perceive that the boat was caught in a strong current of some kind and hurried along at a rapid rate. Peering to the east I imagined that land could be seen and then again the low dark specks would look like clouds floating on the surface of the sea. But suddenly the boat took a turn to the right, proceeded faster than ever, when just as the sun was sinking in the molten sea I beheld a bold head-land on the coast

of Africa washed by the gulf of Eden, through which I had gone to India with the "Blues."

As I neared the shore, the rolling waves seemed to grow higher and sound louder in their mad wail to the beetling bluffs, and I knew that now or never I must prepare for the worst and soon take my chances with the seething surf and dangerous rocks that lay hidden in my course. When within fifty yards of the shore, and as I thought free from danger, the boat struck a rock, whirled about in wild fury and threw me into the sea as if I had been a leaf in a cyclone. I sank, but in a moment rose to the surface, and ere I can tell it the damaged boat and myself were safely stranded on the beach out of the cruel clasping of the heartless ocean.

As soon as I could get my breath I secured the boat, the oars, a hatchet and an ax, the wet bed clothes, sails, kegs, cups, pots and scattered cooking utensils, ropes and chairs, and luckily a bag of wheat that had been placed under the bow of the boat by some unknown hand for some mysterious purpose.

It was now quite dark and I could do nothing but remain where I was for the night, and await the developments that to-morrow might bring forth. I took the hatchet, walked up the hill a short distance cut off a number of bending branches for a bed. When I threw my load of fragrant boughs in the boat, I heard something rattle and feeling about found a number of cream nuts that came to my hungry heart as the last ray of hope to the condemned. I broke the shell of

the nuts on the rocks, and soon appeased, to some extent, the aching void of my lank stomach. But all through that weary night I was tortured with thirst and slept very little, a hot fever setting in just as the first flashes of day lit up the blue and green surface of the morning sea. I must find water or surely die. In a frantic frame of mind I grabbed the hatchet rushed along the shore over rocks, trailing vines and at last plunged into a dark deep ravine, where I heard the sweet sound of a waterfall, music to my ears more delicious and melodious than all the symphonies or chants of Sappho, Beethoven or Mendelssohn. I rushed along like a wild man of the mountain, until I reached the pure blue stream of fresh water, seeming to leap out of the rocky face of a granite boulder that rose high into the morning air at the ravine. I lay beneath the spray for an hour, and at short intervals, assuaged my aching thirst. I felt the fever depart after I had bathed in the rushing stream, and the angel of hope once more hovered over my wandering footsteps, urging me to escape from the toils that seemed to environ me worse than the serpents around the heads of the Furies.

On returning to the boat, I saw tracks in the sand, that while not exactly the imprint of human feet bore a strong resemblance thereto. I followed the trace along the winding rugged beach until the tracks were lost in the dense leaves, vines and wild flowers that carpeted the way, Tropical fruits and nuts were ripening on every branch, and berries of rare hue and curious form filled the forest with their fading

fragrance. Deer, elk, antelopes, chimpanzee monkeys, baboons, panthers, leopards and the man-like gorilla, were seen, scared, and evaded in my exploration of the land that sheltered an unfortunate shipwrecked exile.

The mangrove, the mimosa and acacia, from which gum arabic is obtained, could be seen growing over the sloping hills and alluvial valleys. A wild date palm was observed occasionally, as well as the papyrus, while the white and blue lotus appeared at rare intervals along the lazy lagoons in the bottom lands, and offered their fabled fruit and bright petals in seeming enticement of luring me from the land of my birth and causing me to forget all the sweet memories of dear old Albion.

Parrots and paroquets as well as other birds of rare and dazzling plumage, chattered and sang, and monkeys of all grades sprang from every bough. The variegated forest with its wealth of luxuriant vegetation, seemed a grand orchestra or band of animated nature, and I, the only leader of my subordinate friends, who carried the chorus.

After walking about the island for the most part of the day, and observing everything in my course, I at last, near sunset, rounded the circle of my domain, and came in sight of the boat just as I left it. At one point of the island I could easily see across to what seemed the mainland, my high promontory, having been cut off in antediluvian years, perhaps by the action of the ocean stealing through some secret rivu-

let, or else heaved up by volcanic force from the profound depths of dame Nature.

I considered the island to be about ten miles in circumference and three or four across, I had not had the courage as yet to investigate the interior, or ascertain the nature of the inhabitants that might be found in this *Terra incognita.*

In my rambles I secured all the fruit and nuts I could carry, and after filling my keg at the waterfall near by, I partook of a hearty supper, fixed one of the sails over the boat for an awning, and lay down to slumber away the sad remembrance of the past. I was somewhat uneasy to consent to sleep, without protecting myself against the prowling wild animals that occasionally gave voice to their hungry rage. I thought of building a fire to keep off the marauders, and then again, this light might betray my presence to gorillas or human savages, more murderous than even the panthers and leopards that wandered in the woods, and besides, where would I get the material to strike up a fire?

Between hope and fear, I finally fell fast asleep and did not awake until the hot sun was half-way up the sky and the warning pains of hunger impelled me to look about for some substantial food to appease my appetite. In arousing from my sleep and stretching out at full length at the stern of the boat, I kicked open a kind of trap door that I had not perceived before, and lo! and behold! I hauled therefrom a black tin can, a long sheet-iron box, an axe, a

rusty blunderbus and a knife that might have done good service in shedding pagan blood, when Peter the hermit, led his crusade for the redemption of the tomb of Christ.

My eyes expanded with delight, and as I had always believed in destiny and an overruling Providence, I fell on my knees and offered up to the God of day and night my most fervent prayer of thanksgiving. I opened the black can and found it to be a kind of grayish powder. Breaking the long iron box, I found a brace of flint-lock pistols, a box of leaden bullets, a bundle of rags and a kind of oakum, to be used, no doubt, for wadding the firearms. The daylight of liberty and salvation now began to rise triumphant in my heart and the winding ways of dear old London, with its joys and sorrows, arose before me like realized visions of cherished hopes.

In going for fresh water I accidentally stumbled on a young gazelle that was caught in a crevice of a rock, moaning for assistance. I at once saw a fine pot of fresh meat and boiled wheat in sight. I ran to dispatch the spotted creature, but just as I had raised a huge sun-dried club to kill the crying animal, it threw up its round, luminous eyes into my face, and like a flash my own situation, lashed to the mast, arose before me, when I dropped the club, extricated the poor thing from her perilous position and turned it loose in the forest. I continued to the spring, but instead of flying away, the young fawn-like creature followed behind me like a dog that knew and loved its master.

When I reached the boat I gave the gazelle, which I named "Bet" in honor of my sister, a handful of wheat, some ripe fruit, nuts and berries. It hung around me like a kitten, and I can tell you sincerely, sir, that the companionship I had with "Bet" on the island, afforded me more real genuine joy than any I had ever experienced with her sex, of the human kind, in any land or clime. Wherever I went she went, and even in exploring the interior of my domain, which I frequently did, when meeting with herds of her own kind she never scampered away, displayed any disposition to flirt with her mates, or desert the hand that relieved her in the gloom of adversity. I wish I could say as much for some of her sister animals of the human race. At meals she would sit on a log beside the boat and cheer me with her bright eyes and symmetrical form, while I partook of the feast of the forest. But, every time I took a mouthful I, in turn, extended one to her, and she licked my hand in gracious thankfulness for the kindness and generosity I displayed to a dumb animal. The bowing, turning and twisting of her head, the extended fore feet, the modulated yawns, sharp whistles and speaking eyes told me as plain as language could utter, "Oh! my dear Dan, you have been the generous preserver of my life, when my body was needed for your strength and preservation. You have acted the God-like being, and not like those gorillas and black devils that frequently come here to kill my friends and relatives, and then turn to and devour themselves.

Although young, yet I have seen some of their cannibal feasts that would make your blood run cold. But, my darling Dan, I could express to you my love for years, for the mercy you extended to me in the vale of death."

"Bet" would run on this way for hours and I would reply to the best of my ability, telling her that it was no particular merit in a man to do his duty as he saw it, and that after all, the only credit I ever got in life was the satisfaction that a pure conscience brought, when even the bleak world rebuked and persecuted me without good cause or common sense.

When I lay down in my boat house at night, "Bet" would snuggle up by my side with her head over the guards, ears erect, and eyes opened wide, to see and hear everything. She would occasionally turn about to know if I slept, and if she found me awake and restless, would open her mouth, yawn, and say "Dan, go to sleep, I'll protect you to the last drop of blood in my body!"

At this assurance of my beautiful companion, I turned over on my right side, sent a sigh of regret for the absence of her namesake "Bet" across the seas, and sunk into the realm of sweet slumber. Once again I was leading my company into battle, charging the desperate foe, or wounded on the field where the life blood of myself and comrades ebbed away and the angel of death hovered over us.

In this forlorn position, the dream of the German

soldier of his sister at Bingen on the Rhine came over my wandering brain.

Tell my sister not to weep for me and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place, my father's sword and mine,
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

And, thus on the heights of dreamland, would visions of delicious memories meander through my burning brain, while the crowding columns of past events wheeled into line before me, as plain as the stars that glitter in Italian skies.

I had scoured the island in every direction, killed wild game in abundance, but as yet had not seen the footprints of man. There were two tribes of gorillas living on my domain, one the large black, fierce kind at the southern end in the tangled rolling bottom lands, while a tribe of these creatures, almost white, made their homes in the northern part of the island, amid rocks and huge trees that were almost inaccessible.

When ever I came in sight the black tribe would stand with huge clubs or young trees in their hands, erect and seemingly ready for battle, but a shot from my blunderbuss, would immediately put them to flight and if I happened to wound any of them, as I did, even at long range, on several occasions, they would bear off their comrade to the interminable swamps and underbrush, thus preventing me from knowing the real

nature of the creatures who were joint occupants of the island.

In climbing a mountain crag at the northern end of the Island, that overhung the roaring sea at its base, in search of a spot where I could display a sail or flag of distress for the eye of any passing mariner, I suddenly came upon a low brush hut occupied by a family of white gorillas. Four inmates eating nuts and fruit were presented to my view. The largest tore down the hut in his effort to depart, carrying with him a half grown gorrilla. They looked so much like human beings that I did not have the heart to shoot, and I allowed the first two to get away. But I sprang in front of the smaller one that had a baby gorilla in her arms, and raised my gun to strike her down, when a plaintive cry, more like the voice of a human being, implored me for mercy, and the little fellow with his sharp, black eyes peered at me in wild amazement from beneath his mother's arm. The female was covered with long white hair, as fine as that of the cashmere goat; and the little, wild, baby boy, as he might be called, had a suit of short fuzzy hair almost as fine as swan's-down. "Bet," who stood at my heels looked on with wonder in her eyes, at every movement I made; she would keep in my rear, seemingly astonished at my audacity in confronting an enemy that had killed and devoured thousands of her timid and delicate race in the countless past.

I extended some fruit to the mother gorilla, when she drew back with a trembling look. I then offered her

some broken cream nuts which I drew from my pocket, and while she partially extended her left, slender hand, I could see that she was ready to strike with her right, the one that supported her baby boy. After a deal of advancing, backing, pulling and coaxing, she finally took the fruit and nuts from my hand, and in the course of a couple of hours I was feeding little "Dan," whom I christened, in honor of your humble servant. I named the mother "Nell," in honor of a wild "flame" I once had for a charmer while attending school at Oxford.

After hoisting my flag of distress on a dead branch that extended over the cliff, I took the hand of "Nell," and carried little "Dan" in my arms down the declivity to my modest quarters in the boat. I then partook of a light supper, sharing it with my new family, who were not quite as happy as some families I have seen. When the stars shown out in all their hot splendor, I tied Nell with a chain at the stern of the boat, and Bet remained by my side at the bow. I soon was in deep slumber, and did not awake until broad daylight. It is ten to one that Nell, Dan and Bet did not sleep much that night as their forced acquaintance was not conducive to ease or friendship. I have noticed even in human beings, that where there is a disparity in blood or station there cannot be any lasting friendship, and although my presence and control had a seeming restraint, it did not mollify much the natural emnity existing between the gorilla and gazelle.

After I had finished a breakfast of nuts and fruit

and some boiled wheat, I heard a terrible yell or barbarous chant, over the mountain that overhung my marine residence. I loaded up my flint lock blunderbus and pistols, and sallied forth in search of the cause of the fearful howls. After scaling the mountain top and proceeding about a mile to the east, I could see a spire of curling smoke rising over a small stream that flowed through the tangled under glades of a deep valley leading to the mainland.

Feeling assured that some human agency started the smoke, I proceeded cautiously along the valley until I came to a beetling bluff, from which I beheld a sight that made my blood run cold, and the marrow in my very bones to congeal with fright and horror. Around a hot, blazing fire I saw and counted nine large black, naked savages, dancing the cannibal can-can in celebration of the feast they had already made on a couple of victims, while two other human beings were tied to a tree near the fire ready to be killed and roasted like their companions whose bones lay on the ground before them. I concluded to do or die right there and forfeit my own life to save my fellow beings. I cautiously crept up through the under-brush within a hundred yards of the black devils who were still yelling and dancing about their victims and drinking something out of shining skulls. There was one black cannibal that seemed to be the leader of the death chant and who was seven feet tall if an inch.

In one of his mad gyrations, leading his infernal comrades around the two remaining victims, I took a

dead aim at his head, and at the sound of my blunderbuss I could see him pitch forward into the fire and his companions throw up their skulls and run to a couple of canoes that swung in the rapid stream near by. I at once ran down the stream close to a jutting rock where they must pass in their effort to get back to the mainland. I waited patiently with loaded pistols and blunderbuss until they were swept along with the rapid current, when I opened on them in rapid succession, killing four at the first discharge of my firearms, and ere I could load again three of the four were dashed against some rocks that lay in the stream, their canoe upset and they sank to rise no more. Only one got away. I immediately hurried back to where the intended victims were tied to the tree. They were almost speechless with surprise and fear, not knowing whether the enemy they had just escaped was worse than the war-like one they beheld. I soon made them at ease, saw they were white like myself, the victims of a shipwreck, who had fallen into the hands of African cannibals. They were originally four in number, the captain of a Portuguese vessel, his wife, son and daughter. The wife and son had just been roasted and eaten, while the father and ten year old girl were awaiting their turn to be done up brown, when Fate brought my bullets to their timely relief.

I untied the pair at once, and while they only talked a little broken English it was enough for a perfect understanding that we must quit the island as soon as possible. In traversing the way back to my boat I

passed by the crag over which hung my flag of distress, and lo! hark! and behold! a ship hove in sight and ere I can tell it a British cruiser flying the Union Jack swung a boat over her side and put into a cove about a half mile below where my boat was moored. We hurried along the shore as quick as possible and after releasing Nell, Dan and Bet, my whole family was soon in the long boat and making to the providential ship that lay away in the surging gulf. Once on board with my variety menagerie I felt that peace and safety had come at last. A short narative explained all to the captain of the cruiser who was astonished and gratified that he had been the instrument in saving three human beings from starvation and death. As the ship bore away around the crag where my signal of distress was still flying, we could see a number of the white gorillas beating their breasts, running along the cliff and setting up shrill cries that rang over the bounding billows like the wild screech of sea birds. Nell endeavored to jump over the sides of the vessel and the wail she sent up as her relatives, friends and home vanished into the glimmering distance was truly pathetic, and made me sincerely wish that I had not been the cause of separating wife and son from no doubt a loving husband and the vernal shades and tropic bowers that blessed their innocent meanderings.

But the die was cast and Nell and Dan, and even my beautiful Bet, were destined for the British museum and the curiosity and information of the English people. In a short time the ship landed us safely near the

tower on the Thames. I had been away from home more than six years and had not heard a word from my father or sister.

After disposing of my menagerie for a hundred pounds, I went immediately to my old home; but, alas, I found that my father had died the year after I departed for India, my sister Bet, had gone up to London with a rake who promised to marry her, and Lord Lucan my patron and friend, had but the year before gone to rest in the old churchyard that held the bones of my father and mother.

I turned my back forever on the old homestead, crumbling and dilapidated, and proceeded to the graveyard on the neighboring hill to take a last look at the sacred spot that entombed the dearest friends I ever had on earth. A magnificent shaft rose over the remains of Lord Lucan, while two modest white headstones memorialized the names and virtures of my parents. At the foot of each grave there grew a bush bearing pure white roses, no doubt the lineal descendants of those I sent to decorate my mother's grave when enlisting in the "Blues,"

As I turned my face towards London through the golden shadows of the evening sunset, these lines sprang spontaneously into my mind when peering at

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

I gaze on my old ruined homestead today,
Through the tears of a wild, vanished youth,
I see the broad porches gone down to decay,
Where my mother instilled every truth.

The chimney has crumbled away in the blast,
And the rafters have all tumbled down;
The hearthstone brings back all the joys of the past
As the clouds in the west darkly frown.

The spring at the foot of the hill has gone dry,
And the apple and plum trees have gone;
I stand in the gloom as the winds deeply sigh,
See the ghosts of my friends one by one.

Here my mother and father sleep side by side
In a nook on the top of the hill;
Where my heart was as light as the foam on the tide
When I sauntered about the old mill

That stood on the banks of the brook down the lane,
Where it rumbled its musical flow:
But alas, I shall never play there again,
As I played in the sweet long ago.

The wild bird would drum o'er my head on the oak,
And the gray squirrel chatter his tune,
But where are the schoolmates whose sports and whose joke
Thrilled my heart in the play spell at noon.

Some are "gone o'er the ranges" to sleep in the vale,
Like myself, some have wandered afar,
Blown about like a leaf in a withering gale
Or attuned like a broken guitar.

By the last ray of sunset I sadly behold
The old ruined home of my youth,
Where the jessamine clambered in colors of gold
And the voices I heard spoke the truth.

Farewell to the friends and the scenes that I knew
In the morning of life, bright and fair,
My heart shall forever commingle with you
And my spirit shall always be there.

And now sir, I have closed my narrative, and soon will close a life that was launched with the brightest hopes and assured promises. Here to-night, I'm weary, sad and absolutely without a penny or friend; the wreck of passion, indiscretion and intemperance. Where shall I go, what shall I do? what is the end? Who cares for THE MONEYLESS MAN ?

How the words of my old college chum, Henry T. Stanton of Kentucky, flash through my mind.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth,
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
Where the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There's no open door for a moneyless man.

Go, look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweep gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew
In long lighted vistas the wildering view!
Go there at the banquet and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man?

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisle, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches and find if you can
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man?

Go, look in the banks where mammon has told
His hundred and thousands in silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore.
Walk up to their counters; ah! there you may stay
Till your limbs grow old, till your hairs grow gray,
And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan
With money to loan to a moneyless man.

Go, look at yon judge in his dark flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right while he justifies wrong;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid
To render a verdict they've already made;
Go there, in the court room and find if you can
Any law for the cause of the moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost ·
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod,
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man.

CHAPTER XI.

A TEMPERATE TALK.

TRUTH. Dan Derange, ere we part, let me give you a little advice, but first, here is a pound to supply your immediate wants. Go your way, ponder on what I say, but endeavor to learn from the vicissitudes that vice and misfortune engender that no matter what your poetic, patriotic, or scientific ability may be, the lack of moderation, discretion and common sense will not compensate you for the loss of reputation or the respect of the world, but will be a sharp thorn to sting conscience in your last hours of dissolution.

You are a young man yet, and may trim up and reform from the besetting and almost universal sin of intemperance. You are only food for ale, whisky and wine sellers, who are as heartless as the stones you now stand upon; and after spending valuable time, and your last farthing at their gilded resorts, they would see you die in the gutter and be buried in the Potter's field without a sigh for your situation or a dollar for your eternal departure.

Intemperance is the most fruitful source of worldly ruin. Like the tiger of the jungles, it is the monster that lacerates the poor and drags down even the rich. As a deep seated cancer, it silently eats into the physical and moral vitals of man, until at last the stagger-

ing victim sinks into a dishonored and nameless grave, leaving behind a starving family and cruel memory. See the dark hovel of the drunkard's family in midnight hours. His shivering wife and babe crouch about the smoldering embers that flicker on the broken hearth and die on the cold ashes of despair. She peers through the broken window and the midnight gloom for a husband that may never come, and clasps the freezing child to her broken heart. She imagines that already, he has become the victim of some murderous blow, or in a fit of delirium has blown his own brains out or flung himself into the dark embrace of the rolling river, and as she hears the sound of the pistol or rush of the stream, she heaves her life away in one last sigh, and is found dead in the morning with her infant child a corpse in her arms—another innocent victim to the passion and insanity of the demoniac drunkard.

The man who drinks whisky as a beverage, stands on the verge of an open volcano; storms above, poverty around and death below. The social glass in the home leads to the glass of the bloat in the bar-room, the wine cup at the banquet, to the bottle and jug on the road. The lumbering stage of the drunkard is now fairly whirling on the way to destruction; the reins of the horses are slack; the hubs are greased for the flight and the driver can't reach the brakes. Round and round he rolls down the mountain side of life. Circles, angles, rocks, trees and streams are passed with a lightning speed, until the linch-pin of reason drops

from the axle of understanding and the rider is dashed into the gulf, a thousand feet below, where the waters of oblivion sweep over him forever.

The brightest men of the world are caught by the devil in his whisky net. The small fry often get through the meshes, but the royal sturgeon and salmon swim right into the trap in fancied security, floundering when too late to extricate themselves from the demon that ensnared their generosity. I have seen poets, statesmen and generals of the highest order, in every land and clime, in midnight and morning hours, staggering home in maudlin imbecility. Perhaps through the day these fine intellects held listening throngs under the spell of their genius, eloquence or victorious battles. They could conquer other men, but they could not conquer their own appetites. Passion took full charge; the devil was commander-in-chief, and whisky was his adjutant-general.

Loved ones and neighbors must suffer for the crimes of the drunkard and share more or less the odium that attaches to his quarrelsome conduct. Little bare feet, cold shoulders, empty stomachs, ragged beds, leaking roofs, the poor-house, prison and Potter's field go in his fearful train. The blossoms of youth and pride are forgotten, the flowers of manhood bear no perfumes, and at last comes the nettles and briers of old age, remorse and death, Gilded palaces, club houses and glaring saloons are dedicated to blistering Bacchus. Thousands of ruined homes are swamped in the pool of this voracious god, from day to day, and

year to year, and yet his reign seems to flourish without any mercy or intermission for the vain victims who patronize the flowing fountain of his irrepressible iniquity.

Go to the dance-house, bar-room, tavern, concert hall and theaters of the cities of the world any night and see their benches filled for a price, where sour beer, poison whisky and manufactured wines are poured down passionate throats to the music of lascivious tunes, the maudlin laugh of the belated bloat and the simpering smile of the battered beauty at his side. These halls of killing revelry are crowded for cash, while the church across the way that proffers peace and purity for nothing is almost empty, its vacant pews being a terrible commentary on the degeneracy of the day.

These places must be invaded by the workers of a sound religious truth, who will speak to the heart and appeal to the reason of the poor, weak wrecks of human passion, whose pride and self-respect has been almost submerged in the brimming, killing bowl, sought often for the purpose of drowning some secret sorrow, but in lucid moments only filling the heart and brain with remorse and disgust at their unavailing effort to soothe sorrow by wreckless inebriety and debauchery.

Religion, at last, is the sheet anchor of the soul. It springs in the heart, bright and beautiful, a fountain of never failing consolation to those who trust in a Divine Providence. The sailor riding over dangerous billows works on against roaring storms, hoping to

reach some distant shore where loved ones await him. Hope inspires even when the last wave engulfs him for ever. Strike it from the heart and you have a trackless ocean without compass or rudder to guide your lurching barque, and a barren desert without water, tree or flower to cheer the weary traveler. Kill religious hope and the rose has no perfume, the birds no song, the brook no music, the stars no brightness, the sun no warmth, the home no beauty and the world no virtue.

Doubt and infidelity are the forerunners of destruction. Luxury, licentiousness and intemperance are triplet brothers of ruin. The corroding doctrine of the scoffer is eating into the life blood of the world, tearing down the thoughts of centuries established in blood and sanctified by fire, while they substitute nothing over the idols and altars they destroy. Belief in society and government in this fleeting world is absolutely necessary for prosperity and peace here, and becomes an assured promise for rest and peace beyond the grave. Anarchy or non-belief is fatal to society and becomes the very essence of disintegration and death. When Egypt, Greece and Rome forgot virtue and their God, they decayed and died, leaving behind the memory of their sins in their crumbling temples, moldering monuments and buried cities.

Infidelity is a winter without a spring, a Siberian waste where only the bear and the wolf send forth their hungry growl and howl on the track of the tired traveler. Far better a deathless hope than a hopeless death!

The iconoclast may boast of his having smashed many beloved idols for thousands of years, but he never yet broke so many images of virtue and love as Bacchus. Listen to his boast:

THE BOAST OF BACCHUS.

I reign over land, I reign over sea,
The proudest of earth I bring to my knee;
As weak as a child in the midnight of care
The prince and the peasant I strip bleak and bare,

A taste of my blood sends a thrill to the heart,
And speeds through the soul like a poisonous dart,
While I leave it a wreck of trouble and pain
That never on earth can be perfect again.

The youth in his bloom and the man in his might,
I capture by day and I conquer by night;
The maid and the matron respond to my call,
I rule like a tyrant and ride over all.

In the gilded saloon and the glittering crowd
I deaden the senses and humble the proud,
And tear from the noble, the good and the great,
The love and devotion of home, church and state.

I blast all the honor that manhood holds dear,
I smile with delight at the sight of a tear;
And laugh in the revel and rout of a night,
My mission on earth is to blur and to blight.

I ruin the homes of the high and the low,
I blast every hope of the friend and the foe;
The world I sear with my blistering breath
And millions I lead to the portals of death.

In the parlor and dance-house I sparkle and roar
Like billows that break on a wild rocky shore;
I crush every virtue, destroy every truth
That blossoms in beauty or blushes in youth,

My power is mighty for sin and despair;
I crouch like a lion that waits in his lair,
To mangle the life of the pure and the brave
And drag them in sorrow to shame and the grave.

I drown royal hearts in the dregs of the bowl;
I sing and exult in the sigh of the soul;
I darken the mind of the faithful and fine—
Hurrah for the devil that reigns in the wine!

* * * * * * * * *

TRUTH. Now Dan, here comes my friends LOVE and GENEROSITY, who, by-the-bye, are disposed to varnish over your failings and throw the mantle of charity, even over your impulsive crimes, but for myself I must give you the whole truth as I see and feel it, without a particle of flattery.

DAN DERANGE. But who knows the truth?

Zoroaster, thousands of years ago, taught his followers to believe in light and heat, and that it was the proper thing to worship the sun.

Buddha, the Indian prince who lived six hundred years before our era, taught his Oriental millions that it was the square thing to believe in annihilation, eternal rest, or nothing.

The Hebrews believed in the Talmud which taught of an orthodox God, and that the Rabbis' word was all in all, and his *cherem*, curse or excommunication, against any one of the Synagogue, was enough to deprive him of respect and property in this world and bliss in the next.

Christ, a Jew, taught that in this world we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us, and

that by the exercise of Charity, at least, we would have eternal life beyond the grave "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The Egyptians through their gods Osiris and Isis, and the telephonic High Priests, believed in a "job lot" of mythical gods, but made the vain endeaver to have their kings and rulers live in stone needles, temples and pyramids, now crumbled or crumbling over the dust of those who erected them.

Mohammed, the bloody war murderer, forced his Koran into the hands and hearts of millions by fire and sword, and made his devotees believe that he was the special agent of Allah, or God.

And so, down to the present day, man has molded manufactured gods for man to worship, and yet the realm beyond the grave is as blank and dark as the purlieus of Plutonian night.

So, I say who knows the truth?

Farewell, I will make a last search for my sweet sister "Bet," and perhaps in her loving arms I may send a last sigh to our dear old home, that it may finally echo as a sad requiem over the little green mounds above the graves of our affectionate parents

CHAPTER XII.

SOARING, PROPHECY, JUSTICE.

TRUTH. Well we must away from these scenes of joy and woe to other climes and regions where man does not prey, not only on all animated nature, but on himself.

LOVE. Some day we shall find out that all good or evil proceed from our own thoughts or acts; and that the misfortunes that befall us here, can be traced directly to indiscretion.

GENEROSITY. Speaking for myself I can say, in a measure, that what you say is true; and yet my dear and only friends, I could point you out many instances where I became the victim of other men's vice and criminality. Many false friends have asseverated to me in sunshine that they would be as true as the stars, and that in poverty, disgrace, and even death they would stand by my side to the last.

But, alas for the weakness or treachery of human nature, at the first lowering of the clouds of misfortune, and at the first sound of approaching danger these surface, policy friends, would creep away with cat-like rapidity and leave me alone, not only to endure mental and material punishment for my own indiscretion, but also to bear the burden of their sins. What arrant cowards!

Truth. My brother, you speak in the line of a just experience, and I shall not attempt to deny or countervail your statements. Let us rise out of the smoke and sins of this great city and wing away to the frigid north in search of unknown lands, where other beings may give us more hope and consolation than we behold here. At every turn about this green, gaseous globe, I hear nothing but money, money, war, war.

Even now as we soar over the temporary habitations of men, I can see them preparing, in the depths of their wicked hearts, for one grand universal battle, where tyranny and liberty shall fight for one kingdom or one republic.

The contest seems unequal. America, France and Russia, the most advanced and benighted, are, strange to say, friends in the great conflict.

England, Scandinavia, Austria, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Asia and Africa stand as roaring beasts in the path of progress.

They leave the earth and assail each other miles above, with aerial navies and armies whose feet are winged like Mercury, whose arms are pinioned like mad eagles, and whose bristling, electric bayonet points flash like the brilliant arrows of the dawning day.

The thundering roar of heaven's artillery sounds not more fearful than the clash of these flying armies and navies in the "upper blue." The lightnings of Ajax seem to be nursed in the hollow of freedom's hand, and as the mail clad warriors of tyranny fling them-

selves to the front with ponderous force, they are beaten back by electric bullets, bayonets and balls of celestial fire, hurled by the unerring hand of LIBERTY and her bleeding heroes.

Down, down to earth go victor and vanished, horse and rider, cannons and ships, until half the contending millions seem blotted from the sky.

Again they rise on the wings of electric war and crash together like angry clouds in a stormy sunset. Ziz-zag bolts of lightning are showered on each army, and the billowy waves of dreadful sound that rise and fall in the advance or retreat of the contending warriors, blind the sight, make deaf the ear, and stop the pulsations of the bravest hearts.

The sun goes down upon the conflict, and as the red moon rolls up from the bleeding horizon the vanquished hosts of tyranny are seen falling, falling down, down to the lowest hell, where INGRATITUDE, REMORSE and DESPAIR shall commingle together forever.

* * * * * *

Those who believed in liberty for its own sake, lingered on the domain of their tyrant oppressors until the conquering millions of freedom settled back on the earth once more, to organize, out of a chaotic world, a Universal Republic.

GENERAL PRINCIPLE, ruling all the Americas, consulted for a few days with France and Russia, and while the CZAR of the frozen zone shrugged his shoulders, and growled a little at the idea of a Universal Republic. He finally consented to become a man of jus-

tice. The world was divided up into three hundred states, and each state sent two representatives to Washington, the capital of the globe, located in a country that was once called the United States. Washington, the headquarters of the world, had a population of ten millions of people, extending from the ancient forks of the Potomac river and Georgetown, down to the Atlantic ocean.

When the six hundred representatives assembled at midnight, under a full moon, every man answered to his name as he was called by GENERAL PRINCIPLE, the commander in chief.

The capitol was located on a high hill overlooking the millions that lived below. It was built of pure white marble, thirty-three stories high, and was ten miles in circumference. All the business offices of the government were inside the walls.

From this capital the mode of locomotion was rapid and novel. On the western heights of the city a circular depot three miles in circumference was established. Radiating over the earth, twelve thousand five hundred miles, ran from this point, three thousand pneumatic tubes. The tubes, or cylinders, were seven feet in diameter and were in duplicate form, so that electric cars that shot through them never collided. These pneumatic cylinders were made of flexible, malleable steel, and had a strength of a thousand pounds to the square inch. They were laid over the earth on valley, hill, river, lake and ocean, and appeared like mammoth anacondas stretching away to the farthest limit of human habitation. The cars that ran through these tubes were

suspended on indestructible trucks that bore all the pressure of the air as it rushed into the vacuum created, and the eight people who occupied seats were oblivious of the lightning rapidity of their transit of thousands of miles in a few minutes.

A person wishing to visit New York, London, San Francisco, Pekin, Rio Janeiro, St. Petersburg, Paris, Rome, Athens, Berlin, Constantinople, Sitka, Mexico, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Cape May, Galveston, Moscow, Dublin, Columbus, Louisville, Portland, Edinburg, Cairo, Yokahama, Oshkosh, Charleston, Geneva, Lima, Delhi, Cape Town, Baltimore, or any other "way station" over the globe, had only to step up to the man that held the lever at the mouth of the tube, state his desire and place of destination, and he or she were at once placed in one of the palace cars, charged with air and light, and shot, inside of five minutes, to the utmost limit of the earth. When the top door flew open the passenger stepped out as gay and fresh as a daisy. You could hear the conductors night and day cry out, such as this: "All aboard for Rome, London and Delhi!" "All out for Rome, London and Delhi!" A swing of the lever, flashed the pneumatic cars through the world like lightning.

And the beauty of all this was that the government paid the freight. A man could breakfast on ripe fruit in Persia, dine on dandelions at Danville, and take supper on "sour mash" in Kentucky. Everybody was so neighborly, and the cold, stuck-up, frigidity people were dead, and well.

The constitution was unwritten, and there was but one law, and that *absolute justice.*

All property was in common, and there were no poor or rich in the government.

The election for President was held every seven years, and every man and woman throughout the world seventeen years of age, and upward, voted at twelve o'clock on the Fourth of July, D. N. L.

Every house in the Cosmos had a tap telephone, and the register of votes flew out at once on an electric board, and there was no going back of the returns!

Either the illustrious Smith or Jones were elected for seven years, and did not take any oath of office. He was not that kind of a man.

Every one was honest, and there was no necessity for building up guilds, societies and material rings as they did in the early days of creation.

Men and women were not hypocrites, cowards or tyrants and they would not lie, steal or murder, for they were not created that way.

There was no death in the universal commonwealth. After the people lived exactly one thousand years, they shifted the old, wrinkled shell, and began birth again at the age of seventeen. The man who had once been such, became a woman, and the woman became a man. Just an equalization to teach square up and down justice. Steamboats and railroads were left stranded on the old shores of time, a streak of dust and rust.

Navigation was by air and pneumatic tubes, and every mortal, young or old could rise from the earth

on his electric wings and fly, at least five hundred miles an hour if disposed to do so, or two thousand miles a minute by tube. The only animal on the earth was man; beasts, birds and fishes had no place in the cosmogony.

Wild vegetables, and fruits of the best and freshest kind grew everywhere. There was no fall, winter or spring. It was one eternal summer, and men and women needed no clothing, but like an ancient lady named Eve and a gentleman named Adam, they wandered over the earth, in pursuit of nothing but unalloyed pleasure, and they found it.

LOVE. Your republic suits me exactly, and there I would wish to linger forever.

GENEROSITY. Count me in on the magnanimous meanderings of your Utopia.

* * * * * *

TRUTH. Hush! here we are at the very center of the Arctic circle, and there in the dazzling distance stands the Geni to that lower world, the heaven of animals and the hell of man. Ah! well met; here comes our old companions WIT, DESPAIR, HATE, and HOPE, What news abroad ?

WIT. The world as foolish af ever.

DESPAIR. Death at every turn.

HATE. Everything wrong.

HOPE. Everything pure and lovely.

TRUTH. Steady; we are now in the round rush of the terrible ocean, that takes us millions of miles to the black shades of everlasting hell for all

those who have committed fraud, and injustice in this sand speck from the sun.

GENII. Halt! Who goes there?

TRUTH. LOVE, HOPE, WIT and DESPAIR.

GENII. Give the countersign.

TRUTH. In a low voice, "Life and death."

* * * * * * * *

All were swept away into the roaring, seething waters by the flashing wand of the Genii. As they were tossed and tumbled through the ice shaft that led to the regions below, DESPAIR and HATE were dashed to pieces; WIT opened his mouth to get off one of his "chestnuts" and was choked to death by a boulder of ice; HOPE sprang to the front but his calculations were dashed to oblivion; LOVE intervened to cajole the Genii, when a blast from his breath froze her to death, and TRUTH and GENEROSITY alone, were the only survivors that reached the gloomy grove below where the mortals that once lived in the upper world were constantly pursued by the animals, birds and fishes they once abused and fed upon.

The Genii in his descent with TRUTH and GENEROSITY placed upon the right fore-finger of TRUTH a blood-red ring, saying as he departed that it would protect them against all danger; and while they might often be in imminent peril, a flash of the ring would ward off all enemies.

TRUTH. Well, my noble friend, you and I after all, are the only ones left of those that graced our earthly train. I often had doubts as to your final survival, for

your seeming want of thought, and prodigality, has frequently brought a pain to my heart and a blush to my cheek. Yet with all your failings, and they are not a few, I love you anyhow. I have seen you often, in midnight and morning hours, go silent and alone to the bedside of sickness and poverty, and give even your last dollar to the needy and suffering, while you went without breakfast yourself. I have noticed your uncomplaining tongue tied when you could not say something good, and have seen you many times walk away burdened with the miseries of others, and I have seen you shed tears at the open appeal of misfortune, when you were so poor that tears were the only gems you could bestow. Oh! how sad the sight! to behold the wretchedness and misery of others without the power of relieving their distress.

GENEROSITY. I am supremely glad that there has been at least one mortal who could sound the depths of my soul and give me credit for my innate virtues.

TRUTH. There are always a few who will do you justice in the long run, and know that even your failings lean to virtue's side.

Now, let us proceed and explore this rugged and horrible world. We'll stand together and ponder on what we see.

* * * * * * * *

After moving down a dark, precipitous ravine for about five miles they came abruptly against a high, stone walled door, with a ponderous iron knocker.

TRUTH gave three loud knocks, when the door

swung open, and lo and behold! there stood two rampant lions with large guns in their paws, roaring a demand for the intrusion of TRUTH to their dominions. You must know that the animals, beasts, birds and fishes of this strange and horrible region could talk, and that the human beings were nearly dumb. And, curious to relate, the same instruments formerly used by man for the destruction of animals were now used by the beasts, birds and fishes; and their fore feet, paws and fins answered the purpose of arms.

One flash of the magic ring made these lions stand aside, with a rapid raid to the rear.

The face of the country was very broken, and wherever the eye could catch a glimpse of the moving myriads of human beings, they were hunted, beaten and eaten up by the very same kind of animals they devoured on earth. A tit-for-tat kind of game was played with a vengeance.

* * * * * * * *

TRUTH. Look what a long line of monkeys and baboons in the distance holding something like little dark men and women at the end of a string, making them jump, dance and squeal for their amusement. Those are Italians, and while Cæsar, Dante, Angelo, Horace, Beatrice, Laura and Lucretia Borgia head the procession, the monkeys have them now on the hip and all the memory of vanished glory will not purchase a plate of macaroni. They get nothing to eat but stale cocoanuts, with the milk soured.

This tribe of large variety monkeys lived in a deep

tangled forest and had a fine time, while the parrots that flew about in the trees seemed as delighted with the misery of the classic and lazzaroni Italians as if each poll held the string herself. "Purty Italians wants a macaroni" and then, as if in fiendish derision flung a cocoanut on the head of the nearest Cæsar or Borgia. This experiment never failed to crack the cocoanut. We wandered on for days and days, thousands of miles, and as we passed each group they seemed at least to know that we were privileged characters and did not disturb our movements or curiosity.

In one of our perambulations, after scaling a very high mountain, we came suddenly in view of an inland sea that swept away to the dimmest line of the melting horizon.

On the beach as far as the eye could reach, we beheld moving masses of mammoth salmon, blue fish, shad, mackerel, lobsters, crabs, oysters and clams, poking and tumbling about long heaps of diminutive boys, girls, men and women, red, black and white, that had been caught and cooked up in the great annual clam bake given every year by the SHARK that ran the summer hotel.

The neighboring animals, and also beasts and birds from a distance, came in their annual search for pleasure, to feed off the various human beings that had been caught, killed and cooked for their delectation.

The lion of old Africa and his numerous family were there with all the paraphernalia of his native jungles. They seemed to take great delight in breaking

up the bones and tearing the flesh of a fresh lot of English dudes that had been flung on a mound of sea weed and sand at their feet. I never saw such a voracious set of lions. The memory of their own tortures in ancient times lent, no doubt, great zest to their appetite.

It was rather laughable to see a Dolly Varden set of wild ducks, geese, turkeys, pigeons, snipes, pheasants, grouse, wood cock, partridge, quail, and even reed birds, at one end of the great annual feast, wading in with claws and bills, tearing and eating delicate morsels of field, river, ocean and mountain huntsmen, who in the past showed no mercy for the feathered tribe.

At one elevated place, a spurt of sand into the sea, we beheld a very large flock of domestic ducks, geese, chickens and turkeys ravenously tearing open the cooked eyes, ears and breasts of a number of wrinkled humanity, some done to a crisp, and others as rare as a rooster. A close examination would show one that these victims of malice or justice, had once been female cooks and waiters from old Germany, France, Italy, Ireland, England, America, Rhode Island and New Jersey. You could see also a long lot of dishes filled with "colored belles" and "old mammies" from Virginia, Kentucky, and South Carolina. At these places the spring chickens, the fat capon, and the gay turkey gobbler, with his proud strut, took peculiar delight in twisting and eating off the heads of "old mammies," "Sis. Sals," "Cousin Lous" and "Aunt Fannies." As an old comic friend of ours once said,

they had a H. O. T.—a high old time! P. D. Q. As the four evening suns declined (for you must know that at the four points of the compass in this rare realm, there were four rising and four setting suns, the first quartette doing the rising, and second doing the setting business). All the fish tribes of river and sea, formed in double files and surrounded the tables by the water, devouring with great relish the remains of the Walton rod and line men, and the innumerable specimens of trap, spear and net men, who, in all the ages had fed off their progenitors.

It was funny, if not so serious, to see the cod and his family, as well as the mackerel, and herring, go for the sweet bits of the Nantucket and Newfoundland fisherman. But when the salmon and sturgeon from the Shannon, Columbia, and Volga, threw their round, rolling eyes on heaps of Hiberians, Yankees, and sheep-skin Russians, I could fairly see their mouths water with even the anticipated pleasure of the feast.

The large lobsters, unctious oysters, and capering clams were at least "getting even" with the Dorlans and dudes of Delmonico's. In fact, the number of saloon and restaurant keepers, theater goers, pot-house politicians, midnight gamblers and congressmen that were devoured that evening would certainly astonish the Jews.

And speaking of the Jews, I beheld a million or more of chickens picking heaps of them down to the very bones; but when the droves of hogs came prowling about in search of food, they rooted about for a second,

gave one unanimous, disgusted grunt, and left the Hebrews to the hens. This Jew meat was the only thing at the feast that the hogs would not touch, and we could not tell, even at that day, whether the fact was a compliment to the hog or the Jew, so we turned away and left them to settle it themselves.

The hogs, sheep and cattle took particular delight in feasting on a lot of old London, New York, and Chicago slayers and packers. Each had their "Armour" of vengeance on, and ordered butchers on toast. There was one bouncing butcher from Chicago, so large and weighty that he furnished food, in himself, for a whole drove of animals. As the last rays of the dying day shone on the sands of this inland sea, I could observe that there was nothing left but skeletons of the feast, such as empty beer bottles and barrels, and champagne bottles, formerly belonging to a Mr. Mumm, Mrs. Clicquot and Perry Jouet, French people of ancient Bacchanalian proclivities. They were devoured with the contents of their own bottles.

Generosity and myself turned away from the deplorable wreck and debris of human hopes, and dastard desolation, just as the forty full moons (for you must know that there were ten times more moons than suns in this infernal region) substituted the garish rays of the setting sun.

The stars that shone from the zenith of the sky were nearly as large as the moons and of a bluish tinge, while the large rolling comets and planets were white,

leaving the mammoth red moons riding in ghoulish glory over all.

The peculiar light emitted from these luminaries was of such a hue that we could see at least a hundred miles with the naked eye, and discern very small objects at that distance.

After traveling along the shore of the sea and its winding indentations for three hundred and thirty-three miles, we at last came to a narrow, deep, roaring strait or canal, dashing between two vast mountains whose tops seemed, in fact, to pierce the somber sky, a hundred thousand feet above the surrounding country, Smoke curled up in spiral columns from the cones of the twin mountains, and streams of red-hot lava leaped in fantastic wildness to the valley and plains below. We pushed our way through the jagged rocks that lined the strait and found it to be about five miles long. At the lower end we saw it was only the outlet of the upland sea we had just left, discharging its angry waters into the placid bosom of an ocean that stretched far away under the midnight lights of this inferno, as if its waters kissed an unlimited horizon.

The uneasy beasts, birds and fishes were stirring everywhere, and the millions of men women and children seemed to be forever on the run, endeavoring to escape their attack.

Occasionally we went through a rocky, swampy forest, the paradise of vipers, lizards and snakes of all climes. Under their deathly sting and fatal folds we beheld human beings in the last stages of physical and

mental agony. The cries, shrieks and lamentations of these wretches would bring tears even to the iron heart of my old acquaintance Nazer, the tyrant of Lower Thebes. Their bones would crack under the crushing caresses of the anacondas, and yet they could not die; for every time one of them was seemingly devoured he was not, but continued in an immortality of fear, pain and living death. The persons devoted to the sport of this paradise of reptiles were principally composed of hypocrites, liars, assassins, gossips, burglars, rapers, and murderers, and "the woods were full of them!"

It was curious to see the large, healthy anacondas resting or hanging on the surrounding branches, toying, as it were, with a bad boy or man in his sinewy arms, leisurely working up his victim with all the ease that characterizes the Laocoon. We beheld a nest of rampant rattlesnakes in the crevice of a huge rock, wearing about their necks the toe and finger nails of a lot of mountain hunters from Georgia, in justification of the millions of rattles curtailed from their progenitors in the wilds of vanished years. A triple headed tiger with triple paws held in his grasp, the forms of Brutus, Booth and Guiteau, historic assassins, forever whirling them around and crashing their bleeding heads on a pile of broken granite, crimsoned with the never ceasing flow of their blood, and wailing with their soul-piercing shrieks.

As we moved along the shoreless ocean we began to ascend a mountain height, and after progressing for

about five miles, a large herd of goats and chamois came to view, and were leaping with might and main to overtake a crowd of old hunters. They succeeded in several instances. When they chased their former enemies to a precipitous cliff, they butted up again them with their heads and horns, and tumbled them over the fearful chasm. As they fell we could hear the scream of delight from gray eagles and vultures as they pursued the falling wrecks of humanity. No sooner had they struck the jagged rocks at the bottom of the chasm than the birds of the air began to pick out their eyes and tongues, and strip the flesh from their quivering fingers and battered breasts.

As we proceeded around ocean crags the air began to grow colder and colder, and the distant upland was covered with what seemed to be eternal snow. Black forests stretched away to the right and illimitable plains rolled away to our left. Rushing through the woods we could see reindeer driving long trains of Russians and Siberians, hitched up to curiously fashioned sleighs. A large party of Buck reindeers with their does and fawns could be seen sitting back, in royal style, taking a family drive along the waters of what looked like the upper Volga or Lena. A team of thirty-three Russians, Polanders or Siberians, was harnessed to each vehicle by skin ropes made from the hides of the natives. The Buck deer used one slender cat-gut rein that passed through the left ear of each human being, and with his fore feet and horns he managed to manipulate the line with as much tact

as we had often observed drivers use on the old earth. The speed was rapid. Numerous trains of Laplanders were scurrying over the snow, and the old gray-headed dog drivers were barking with great delight as they lashed up the people who had starved and beaten them to death in the long ago, The former masters of these dogs looked very lean, and when one of the low sledges would halt for a moment near skirts of stunted underbrush the train of "Laps." would rush to the small shrubs and devour the branches and bark, down to the very heart. And when night came these tired creatures were left outside to huddle together around the ice huts of their dog masters or prowl about the midnight camps in search of the remains of tallow candles or the entrails of their comrades. One morning as the four suns rose over this subterranean world we suddenly came in sight of a great extended city, situated along the indentations of the wonderful ocean we had traversed a few days previous.

In the suburbs of the city we passed hundreds of worn down, blistered backed, ham strung, knee-halt, hip shod, blind, epizootic Irishmen, Dutchmen, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians and New Yorkers, being whipped, pounded, clubbed and driven almost to death in heavy loaded carts, drays and wagons by the self same brutes that they abused and destroyed in ancient times.

There was one man, head and shoulders above those that surrounded him, as he walked along the wide streets, who seemed to take a modest and silent delight

at the spectacle of what we heard him utter in modulated tones, "poetic justice," "poetic justice," "poetic justice." As the donkies, mules and horses drove by, seated on their cart seats, and wielding a gad or black-snake whip over the backs of their former drivers, I could see them, with a flash of joy in each eye, wag their ears and tails in homage to this noted man, who bore the name of Bergh in the old world. He lifted his hat, smiled a kind of sad smile, and occasionally dropped a tear at the forlorn but merited condition of the brutes of his own race.

Wandering through this great subterranean city, in the summer time, I heard several young baboons yelling at the highest pitch of their voices.

"All about the 'bawl' game," I asked the animated financiers, "what is that?"

"Oh!" said the frantic urchins "that is a game played for the amusement of the public, and 'gate money!' A lot of lazy lazaroni monkeys, baboons and gorillas, go about the country dressed up in stripes, batting and 'bawling' money out of the pockets of fools."

"Of course you would think that this great city would go at once, into bankruptcy, unless it kept up a 'bawl' game."

Ah! I see, said the blind man, I see!

After traversing these zig-zag windings, we were swept one morning into a great rush of beings, all tending one way to the—

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Beasts, birds, and shoals of fishes along the streams, and shore of the ocean were out in their gayest furs, feathers and scales. And the thousands of variety of human beings that were being driven onward with a rush by the animals, was a grand but fearful sight to behold. The race course lay in a valley along the ocean, surrounded by circular hills on three sides, resembling a mammoth amphitheatre ten miles in circumference.

The fishes occupied front waves along the streams and shore of the ocean. The birds were perched on trees and rocks in the left foot and top hills, while the beasts of all kinds and climes held the right and center with the snakes and reptiles crouched at their feet near the margin of the smooth race track. The grand stand was in the center, and the judges stand in front of that. It was occupied by nine asses, donkeys and He horses who were to be judges of the grand human race, the last and only one of the season.

Exactly at twelve o'clock in the day ninety-nine well equipped monkeys, dogs, donkeys and young stallions drove up in light but strong road-wagons, and harnessed to each, in tandem, were thirty-three human beings who once drove at the Olympic games, the Roman Corso, the Down's, Sheep Head Bay, at the Chicago and the Louisville races. All the animals in the grand stand, quarter-stretch and pooling places were wild with excitement, and a financial anxiety was pictured in every face.

The lady animals bet bunches of rare feathers, furs, sweetmeats and fine fruits, and bang-up suppers at the Hotel Shark, Fox, Lion, Bear, Bull, Dog or Cat, after the race was over.

The loud cry, bark, scream and howl of the pool sellers could be heard for exactly five miles away. Millions of wares and money had been staked on the issue.

It was exactly five miles around the track, and the human animals had to go three times without intermission, before the grand, gay and glorious fifteen mile race could be decided. At the thunder roar of an erupting neighboring volcano, touched off by the GREAT ASS STARTER, and the exclamation "go!" the ninety-nine teams, in their ninety-nine colors, dashed under the grape vine, and began what is remembered to this day, the most memorable race on record. As they passed the quarter-post, a yell went up for "England," "England," hurrah for "England!"

When the half-mile post was passed, the myriad of animals that swam, sat or roosted around the amphitheatre rose to their tails, claws and feet and gave a loud yell for "France!" "France!"

When the three-quarter stretch was gained, a roar as if out of the clouds, went up and down for "Kentucky!" "Kentucky!" but when the front team ambled up gayly under the vine for the first continuous heat and passed on around the course, you could hear the most sonorous triple echo yell that ever struck animal

ears of "Thebes!" "Thebes!" "Rah for Nazer and Thebes!"

And as the Theban tandem spurted about the ring with a gayety and ease astonishing to the countless spectators, and once more trotted under the vine, all could see that it was a "walk-over," and many of the betting beauties and speculators began "to hedge" and sigh for their fading wealth.

On the home stretch, for the last time, many of the teams were entirely disabled, some of them down on track, driver, and trotter shouting and yelling in defeated heaps.

All had been left as wrecks along the course but "Sheephead," "Kentucky" and "Nazer," the latter still holding the lead, with a terrible determination to "get there" or burst his heart, although "Kentucky" was so close at his heels that within a hundred yards of the final line they were neck and neck.

At this moment the whole conclave of animals rushed toward the ropes of the track, and the judges' stand, and with one universal roar that we shall never forget to our dying day, the two bipeds passed under the vine, and at once the nine judges decided unanimously, that the great Plutonian perpetual race, human and otherwise, was won by the neat, nimble, national and notorious NAZER.

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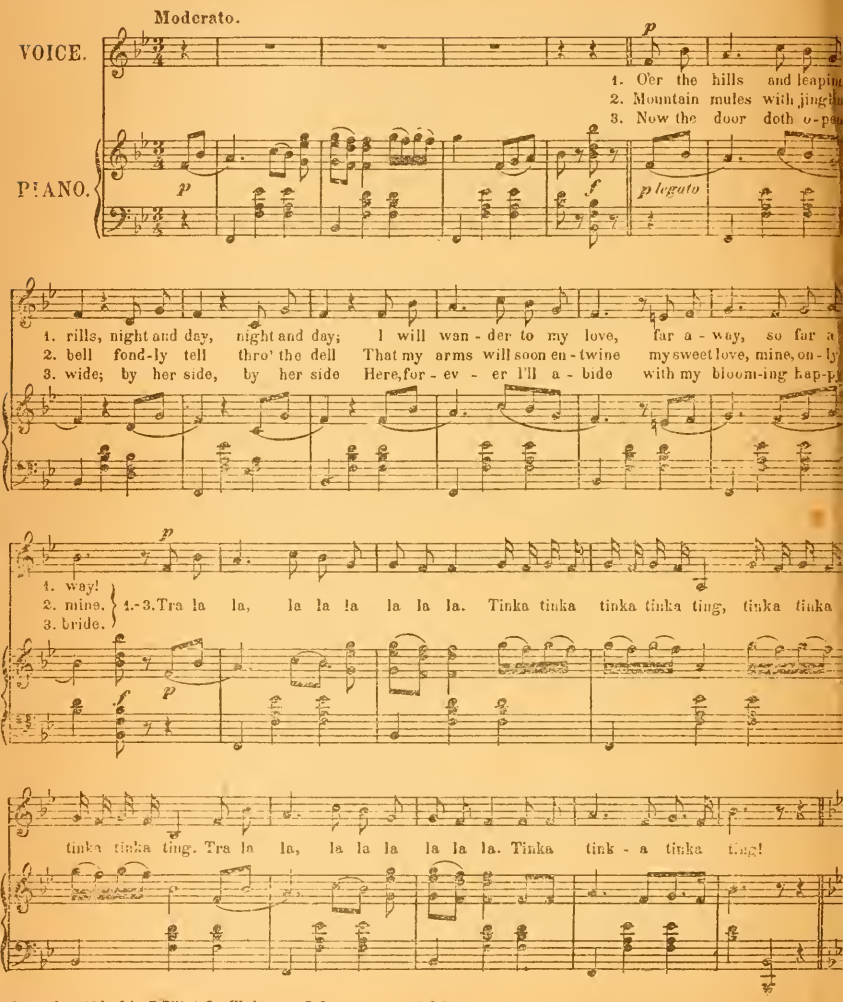
Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
1. O'er the hills and leapin
2. Mountain mules with jingli
3. Now the door doth o-pe
p legato
1. rills, night and day, night and day; I will wan - der to my love, far a - way, so far a
2. bell fond-ly tell thro' the dell That my arms will soon en - twine my sweet love, mine, on - ly
3. wide; by her side, by her side Here, for - ev - er I'll a - bide with my bloom-ing hap-p
1. way!
2. mine.
3. bride.
1.-3. Tra la la, la la la la la la. Tinka tinka tinka tinka ting, tinka tinka
tinka tinka ting. Tra la la, la la la la la la. Tinka tink - a tinka ting!

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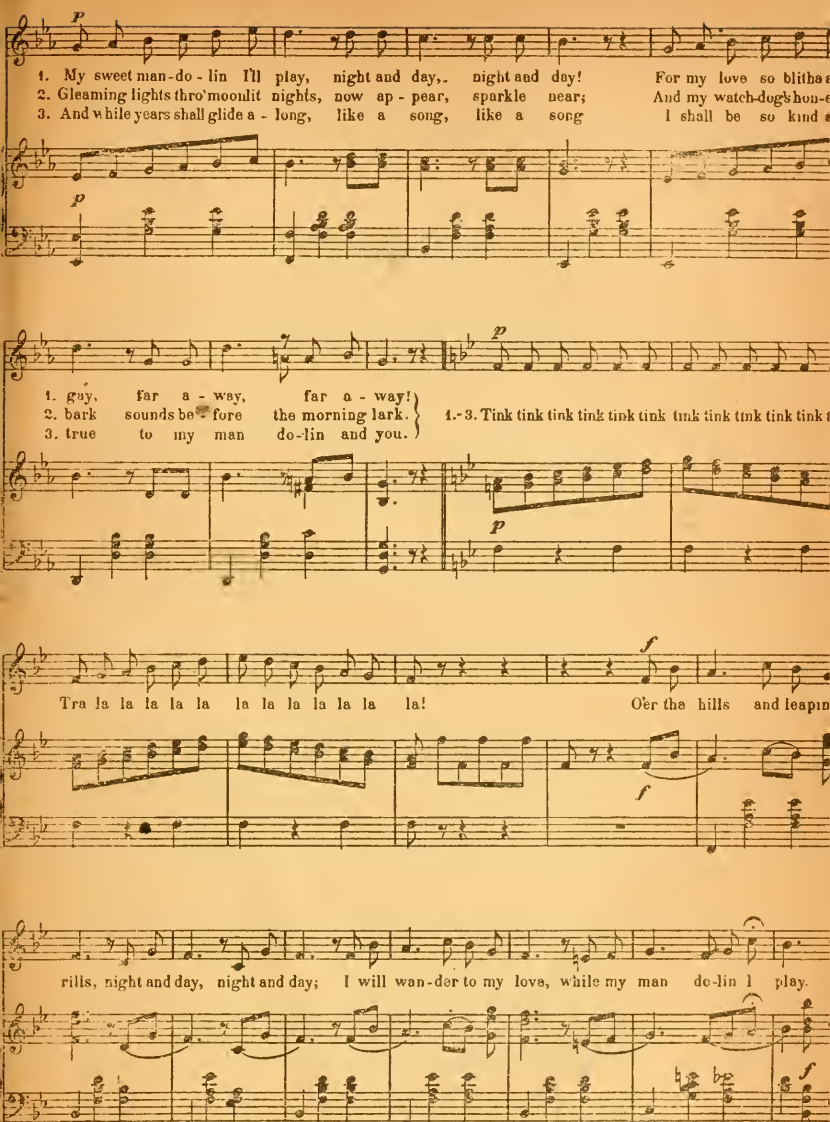
p
1. My sweet man-do-lin I'll play, night and day, night and day! For my love so blitha
2. Gleaming lights thro' moonlit nights, now ap-pear, sparkle near; And my watch-dog's hou-
3. And while years shall glide a-long, like a song, like a song I shall be so kind
p
1. guy, far a-way, far a-way!
2. bark sounds be-fore the morning lark.
3. true to my man do-lin and you.
1.-3. Tink tink tink tink tink tink tink tink tink tink tink
p
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la la!
f
O'er the hills and leapin
f
rills, night and day, night and day; I will wan-der to my love, while my man do-lin I play.
f

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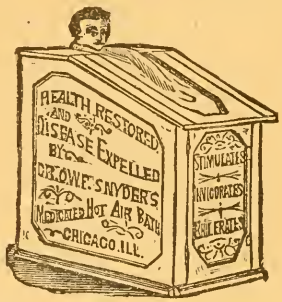

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